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The Pacific.

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The Work of the A. B. C. F. M. on This Pacific Slope, and Related Matters.

WHITMAN COLLEGE, THE WHITMAN MONUMENT.

BY REV. DR. S. H. WILLEY.

One of the outgrowths of the mission work under review in these articles is Whitman College. It was designed and founded as a memorial of Doctor Whitman and his work, by his missionary associate, Rev. Dr. Cushing Eells. It will perpetuate the memory of both the martyr whose name it bears, and his friend who laid its foundation. It stands not very far from the great grave where were buried the mangled bodies of Dr. Whitman, Mrs. Whitman, and nine others who perished with them.

No sooner had the United States got full control, so as to guarantee peace and security, than the Territorial Legislature was asked to charter this college, which it did in 1859, appointing a Board of Trustees. The development of the institution, of course, had to await the settlement of the country, which, in those years and in that locality, could not be rapid. But there was persistence and perseverance in those who laid the plans, so that the institution has grown with the growth of the country. It finds itself now pleasantly located in the northeast corner of the city of Walla Walla, a young city of some five thousand inhabitants, away from its business center, and yet near enough for easy access, having about seven acres of ground, through which flows a beautiful stream of water. It finds its field to be a region including all Oregon and Washington Territory east of the Cascades, and the three northern counties of Idaho. Twice as great, this area is said to be, as all New England, and capable of sustaining an equal average population to the square mile. Even now it has eighty thousand inhabitants. Its resources are agricultural, having a mild, dry, invigorating climate. It is no longer out of the world, as it used to be when the missionaries went there, but railroads have put it in the world. The great Northern Pacific railroad runs through it, and other roads besides, so that its productions can reach all the markets. Here, close by the principal city of this whole region, stands Whitman College. Its roots go back into the missionary work of past years. Its growth has kept pace with other things since it was founded. It has the confidence of the city which it adorns. Already her citizens have given evidence of this in erecting a new building for the accommodation of the College, at a cost of \$15,000. It is now completed, furnished and occupied. Friends at the East, through the opportune agency of Rev. Dr. Cushing Eells, the venerable founder of the College, have recently given \$10,000 to it, and also \$5,000 raised by Mrs. Obbleigh to erect a ladies' hall. Nor is this outlay ahead of the demand, but, on the contrary, far behind it. The annual catalogue for the College year 1883-84 shows a teaching faculty consisting of the President and five regular instructors, and four teaching optional branches. It shows in the collegiate department two sophomores, eleven freshmen, forty-one in the preparatory department, sixty-two in the English department, twenty-six in the art department, one hundred and twenty-four in all. The course of study is sensible. It is not ambitious to strike twelve first, but is evidently planned for practical work that shall be thorough and come up to the highest figure in time.

So, there stands Whitman College, an outgrowth of missionary work, and a memorial of the martyred missionary worker whose name it bears. In its library will, in due time, be collected all records that pertain to his life and work, and then there will no longer be room for dispute concerning either. On commencement days, and on other anniversary occasions, the facts will be rehearsed. It will be told how Mrs. Whitman and Mrs. Spalding, in their youth, braved the dangers of a journey that men believed was impossible for women, braved them, not for wealth or renown, but to enlighten and save the Indian. It will be told how Dr. Whitman made a forced journey in the winter across the Rocky mountains, believing that he could do something towards saving Oregon to the United States that could only be done then, encountering dangers that few men would dare to brave for any reason. It will be told how he encouraged and assured that great emigration of 1843 that they could drive their wagons all the way through to the Columbia river, when the authorities at Fort Hall told them that they could not do it. And it will be told, amid tears, how he fell, and why he fell, and Mrs. Whitman with him, with these last words upon her lips: "Tell them at home I died at my post." And the grave, hard by, will be visited with reverential step, and the heroic and unselfish example of those who sleep there will inspire the minds and ennoble the purposes of the young people who may be educated at that college.

Verily, the mission of the American Board to Oregon was no failure. If it did not accomplish just what was intended and expected, it brought about other and greater things. The trend of affairs

on this whole Pacific Slope is different from what it would have been had it not been for the missions of that Board. While these missions of the American Board for Foreign Missions were about their work the territory itself became to us home territory, and naturally, thereafter, stood in need of home missions.

Of this the Home Missionary Society was advised by the foreign missionaries on the ground. One of the things recorded of Dr. Whitman only a few months before his death is that "he wrote letters earnestly requesting the Home Missionary Society to occupy this field without delay." That seems to have been in the spring or early summer of 1847. If so, those letters very likely arrived in New York early in the fall, perhaps hastening the Society in looking up its first missionary. This would be just in time for them to have been in season to find Rev. G. H. Atkinson, a young minister who was ordained only the February before, and was ready for just such a call as this to Oregon. This we certainly know, however. The call found him, and he said, "Yes." And we know, too, that not far from the time that he was sailing to come around Cape Horn, Dr. Whitman, who had written so earnestly for home missionaries, was killed. In that massacre the missions themselves were slain. But when those foreign missions died, home missions sprang up to succeed them. In June, 1848, as Messrs. Eells and Walker came down the Columbia from their foreign mission, escaping the dangers that threatened them, they met at Oregon City, Rev. G. H. Atkinson, the first home missionary, who had just arrived, and was about to preach for the first time. As one form of Christian service was laid down, therefore another form was taken up, and has, in all the years since then, been pressed forward in preaching the gospel, planting churches and building institutions of learning. And now there are a great many homes and a great many churches, not only in Oregon, but on all this slope, between the Mexican line and the British possessions, and they are rapidly increasing in number.

Born of the missionary spirit, nurtured by missionary help, what shall be our missionary character? Advanced to the very forefront of missionary work, what is to be the type of our service? In the presence of such examples of self-denial, how high are we setting the gauge of our own? How well and thoroughly do we keep ourselves informed? Do we read the *Missionary Herald*? Do we organize for missionary work in our churches and in our Sabbath-schools, and build up a habit of systematic giving?

In concluding this series of articles, I have occasion to say a word about Mr. Bancroft's "History of the Northwest Coast, Vol. II." I speak of this book because it is new, and because it is one of a series to which we thought we could look as an authority. We hoped so, at least. This volume brings the narrative down to the year 1846, just far enough to give the author occasion to speak of the beginning of the missions to the Indians. And he opens on that subject in the following remarkable way, on page 534:

"Uplifted on the wings of faith, beyond the Eastern hills, now glistened the first flush of that spirit of proselyting which was destined so quickly to burn to cinders the souls it wrestled to save. With the trappers and stragglers who percolated the mountains from the United States border, came missionaries of diverse tenets, whose angular intellects, polished with opaque doctrines, plotted good will to man, confusion to Satan."

That quotation is enough. It is the language of contempt, not only for this one short-lived mission to the Indians in Oregon, but for all Christian missions.

Nothing more is needed to indicate the utter unreliability of this work so far as Christian missions are concerned. The style of this quotation, in the first place, is more in keeping with that of a dime-novel than of sober history. Its spirit is narrowness itself. It belongs to the past century, if it belongs anywhere, when Christian missionaries were not permitted by the Government to land in India! It does not belong to the present, when Lord Lawrence declares that the missionaries have done more to benefit India than all other agencies combined, and Sir Bartle Frere says that they are working changes more extraordinary than anything witnessed in modern Europe. It is a pity that a book, in many respects valuable, should make itself worthless when treating of one of the leading matters connected with the history of our Northwest. It is a disappointment. But that single opening sentence concerning Christian missions is enough to throw discredit in advance on all the author may say on that subject hereafter.

P. S.—The *Monitor*, the Roman Catholic organ in this city, in its issue of the 23d inst., reviews my article relating to the Whitman massacre, in a two-column editorial. It undertakes to be severe. But I would say, *O Monitor!* severity proves nothing. You make much of the circumstance that my information is "second-hand"; but how about your own? First hands, on the part of the missions, are now still in that grave

at Wallatpu, and no account of things can we ever get from thence. But, then, we have the testimony of the missionaries who survived, some of whom are yet living. And, although they were not at Wallatpu at the time of the massacre, they were personally familiar with the causes that led to it. Their testimony is that the priests were in part, at least, responsible. And then, years after the occurrence, circumstances called out the deliberate statement of opinion on the part of the Congregational Association of Oregon, and the old School Presbytery and the Cumberland Presbytery, and the United Presbyterian Presbytery, and the Methodist Conference and the Baptists, to the effect that "from evidence, clear and sufficient to them, the Roman Catholic priests did themselves instigate violence to the missions, resulting in the massacre." These bodies are composed of men on the ground. They are removed from the excitement of the time when the massacre took place. They have had occasion to thoroughly investigate the matter, and their opinion has weight. But you say that "the Catholic missionaries had just arrived in the country, and never had any intercourse with the Cayuse Indians under charge of Dr. Whitman." If that were true, it would settle the question. But how could you say that, *O Monitor!* in view of the facts? All accounts that I can find agree in placing the advent of Catholic missionaries in Oregon in the year 1838. Mr. Bancroft so places it in his "Northwest Coast, Vol. II," page 536. And then Dr. Whitman, in his correspondence with the American Board at the time, as appears in the *Missionary Herald* of that date, fixes the time of their entrance upon their work in the fall of 1838. This was nine years before the massacre, which took place in November, 1847. And during all these nine years, which covers all but a couple of years of the entire history of our missions, the correspondence of our missionaries with the Board at home makes continual reference to the presence and influence of the Catholic priests. This may be seen now in the files of the *Missionary Herald* of those years. Your assertion, therefore, must be a great mistake, and the inference that would follow from it falls to the ground. But I cannot follow the subject further. Oregon is the place for discussing these matters of history belonging to that State, and I have no doubt the work will be thoroughly done there. For myself, as I said before, I have only had occasion, incidentally, to refer to them in giving the history of the missions of the American Board in Oregon, and I have not tried to make the worst of the case, either. I have no pet theory about it to sustain, and I have no pet authority to follow. I have no such feelings towards the Catholic Church as you would have your readers think. I have lived in pleasant relations with its members and its pastors here in California now these thirty-six years, and I expect to do so in the years to come.

Letter from Paris.

THE PANAMA CANAL—INTERVIEW WITH DE LESSEPS.

PARIS, August, 1885.

As the people of California are deeply interested in the completion of the Panama canal, so that we may have a more direct route by water for emigrants and freights from the Eastern States and Europe, I called upon Mr. De Lesseps to-day at his office in this city. Mr. Ferdinand De Lesseps, whom I had met in San Francisco, the originator of the Suez and Panama canals, was out of the city, but I was favored with an interview with both of his sons, who are taking the active management of the work in the office here. They treated me with the greatest politeness and kindness, and furnished me with all information desired. They said that we of the Pacific Coast and the people of the United States should and, they believe, do have the kindest wishes for the success of the Panama canal, notwithstanding the many foolish reports that appear in some of our papers. The opening of the canal, they believe, will do as much for the prosperity of the United States as the completion of the Suez canal has done for Europe. San Francisco will become the chief emporium of the Pacific Coast, and will find greatly increased trade, which will flow to her from all parts of the North Pacific and from China and Japan; that our immense wealth in wheat, barley, wines and wool will find a more ready market by the advantages the canal will secure to us; that immigration from Europe will seek this new channel for the Pacific Coast, making a direct voyage from Europe to San Francisco without change. As to advantages of the canal for the shipping of our merchandise from the Atlantic States and sending our wheat to European ports, they furnished me with the following information, being a communication from Mr. Arthur B. Ross, one of the principal ship-owners of New York, which he wrote to the United States Secretary of State. He is very confident of the great saving it will be to our shippers to have the advantages of a canal by the way of the isthmus. Here are the comparisons which he makes: Suppose a sailing vessel, worth \$60,000, begins on

January 1st to load at New York for San Francisco, by way of Cape Horn. She sails on February 1st, and reaches San Francisco June 1st. During six weeks this vessel is discharging her cargo and loading with California wheat for Liverpool. She leaves San Francisco on July 15th, reaches Liverpool on November 15th, discharges her cargo, and sails in ballast for New York, where she arrives about December 31st, thus finishing her year of voyaging. We estimate the profit realized by the owner of this vessel on the trip from New York to San Francisco at \$8.50 per ton. This amount will be paid when the cargo is discharged in San Francisco. The amount in hand may be handled in this way:

June 15th, ship of 2,000 tons, at \$8.50 per ton.....	\$17,000 00
Interest on that sum, at 5 per cent per year, from June 15th to December 31st.....	460 39
July 15th, departure from San Francisco for Liverpool with 2,000 tons of wheat at \$13 net per ton.....	26,000 00
To this sum in hand for freight add the interest from December 1st to December 31st, at 5 per cent. per annum.....	108 33

Am't rec'd in New York.....	\$43,568 72
Deduct from this sum the marine insurance premium for one year, at 6 per cent., on a declared value of \$60,000.....	3,600 00
Amount received by the ship owners for a year of voyaging by the Cape Horn route.....	\$39,968 72

Let us see, now, what would be the result of a year's navigation by the canal route. If the canal had been opened by January 1st, the same vessel, going that way to San Francisco, would have realized considerably larger profits. Having left New York on February 1st, as in the preceding case, and having reached San Francisco on April 1st, after a passage of sixty days, the freight money, after the discharge of the cargo, would have been made up about as follows:

April 15th, vessel of 2,000 tons, at \$12.50 net, per ton.....	\$25,000 00
From which must be deducted for privilege of canal transit.....	6,000 00
	\$19,000 00
April 15th, interest, at 5 per cent. per annum, till December 31st.....	672 86
May 15th, departure from San Francisco to Liverpool with a cargo of 2,000 tons of wheat, at \$15 per ton, net, \$30,000, from which must be deducted for canal transit, \$6,000.....	24,000 00
Arriving in Liverpool about July 15th, when the freight money is in hand, interest on freight money to December 31st.....	500 00

Leaving Liverpool, the ship goes to New York in ballast; at New York takes on a new cargo for San Francisco, sailing on October 15th, with 2,000 tons, at \$12.50 net, per ton, a total of \$25,000, from which deduct \$6,000 for canal transit..... 19,000 00

Arrives in San Francisco, where the total of the freight money is earned..... \$63,172 86

From which deduct, for insurance of vessel for one year, \$5,600; as the vessel enters the port of San Francisco one time more, it is necessary to deduct for this expense \$3,000, making..... 8,600 00

Which, from above, makes a total of..... \$56,572 86

Received by ship owners by using the Cape Horn route..... 39,968 72

Profit for making use of the canal route, for a vessel of 2,000 tons..... \$16,604 14

Which is equivalent to 27 1/2 per cent. in favor of the Isthmus canal.

From the above, the maritime canal across the Isthmus of Panama will prove to the American shippers of very great advantage; it will reinstate the merchant marine; it will increase tenfold the interchange of commodities; and will assure to the American people, from a commercial point of view, the supremacy to which they are entitled, and which we will have the means of attaining.

As to the money expended in the construction of the canal, Mr. De Lesseps says that the expenses to January 1, 1885, were \$45,742,000; to June 30, 1884, \$25,060,000. Total, \$70,802,000. That they had received interest money from cash received from subscriptions, \$5,362,000, making the total paid only \$65,440,000. The resources were from the sale of 250,000 shares in 1882, and of 600,000 shares in 1883—\$119,004,000, which left in the treasury, June 30, 1884, \$53,564,000. He explained that this was not all cash; that part of it was uncollected subscriptions for stock subscribed; that the cash they had actually secured up to date was \$94,260,000; that they have in the treasury \$20,608,000; that the expenses up to June 30, 1885, were \$73,652,000. This showed only an expenditure the past twelve months of 12,200,000, which he explained to me was because the prior year they had made large expenditures for machinery and preparatory work, and this amount was largely for labor. They have yet due on the original capital stock subscribed \$30,000,000; and they will require to finish the canal to borrow \$120,000,000 more, which will make the cost of the canal \$244,000,000. He says that in 1881 and 1882 the land gave them much less difficulty than they anticipated. In August, 1884, his report to shareholders was that there was nothing in the least to prevent the finishing of the canal by the close of 1888.

He now believes it will be completed between January and July, 1889; that the work is going on successfully. He states that the number of cubic meters of earth they have removed is 20,000,000; that they have yet to move 100,000,000, but explains that much expense has naturally been incurred, which is charged to the work done, which properly should be estimated against that yet to be completed; that the cost of moving each cubic meter of earth in 67 cents; that of moving rock, \$1.72. They have to work on the Isthmus at this time about 20,000 laborers, mostly from Jamaica; they have three very large and nine small dredgers at work, fifty-three excavators, 1,920 railroad cars, 3,300 dirt wagons, thirty-six miles of railroad track, thirty-five miles of wagon road used for excavating. As to the rate of tolls, he said they should be guided as they were in managing the Suez Canal, reducing the same to the lowest possible sum and pay fair returns to the shareholders. The charges at the opening of the Suez Canal were 13.15 francs per ton; they have gradually reduced it so that the present charge is 9.50 francs, which includes all charges for tonnage, pilotage, etc. L.

A reunion of the schoolmates of the poet Whitier is said to be contemplated. Of the 120 pupils of the old Haverhill Academy from 1827 to 1880, about twenty-five or thirty are now living, and most of these have expressed their wish for a meeting.

The Woman's Board OF THE PACIFIC.

President, Miss LUCY M. FAY, 1812 Taylor Street, San Francisco.
Treasurer, Mrs. R. E. COLE, 572 Twelfth St., Oakland, Cal.
Miss S. S. SMITH, 1704 Geary St., San Francisco, Recording Secretary.
Mrs. H. E. JEWETT, Foreign Secretary and Editor of "Column," Hopkins Academy, Oakland, Cal.
Mrs. J. H. WARREN, 1526 Eddy St., San Francisco, and Mrs. L. E. DWINELL, Pacific Theological Seminary, Oakland, Home Secretaries.

The annual meeting of the Woman's Board for the hearing of reports from auxiliary societies will be held on Thursday morning, October 8th, in the Congregational church at Berkeley. The public anniversary exercises will be held in the evening of the same day.

Marshaling the Junior Forces.

A meeting of young ladies was held Saturday afternoon, September 12th, at Bethany church, to discuss the advisability of forming a young ladies' branch of the Woman's Board of Missions. Mrs. Dwinell, who had been previously invited to preside, took the Chair, and Miss Carrie Warren was chosen Secretary. About forty-five were present. The meeting was opened by singing "Bringing in the Sheaves," after which the first twelve verses of the forty-seventh chapter of Ezekiel was read, followed by a few remarks, by way of application, by Mrs. Dwinell. Prayer was then offered by Miss Fennel, after which the Chairman read a paper urging faithful, earnest and continued effort on the part of each member, should this branch be formed. This reading opened the way to an informal discussion of the purposes and general responsibilities of such an organization, in the course of which Miss Gouldy of Japan made a few remarks. A sense of the meeting was then taken as to how many would pledge themselves to make a conscientious effort to be present at the quarterly meetings, which met with a very encouraging response. The advisability of forming this branch to the Woman's Board was voted upon, and decided affirmatively. A vote was then taken by which it was decided that the society should not be permanently organized until the meeting of the General Association. A committee was chosen for the nomination of officers, which comprises the following names: Miss Lilian Ladd, Miss Goodhue, Miss Harriet Moor, Miss Ward, Miss Perkins, Miss Carrie Warren, Miss Kate Hutchinson, Miss Fannie Stintens, Miss Ethel Fisher and Miss Frear. The first six of the above names were selected to form a second committee, for drawing up the constitution and by-laws. It was decided that these committees should meet a week from next Saturday afternoon, at 2:30, at Plymouth church. Matters being thus satisfactorily adjusted, prayer was offered by Miss Lucy Moor. Singing followed, after which the meeting adjourned.

CARRIE WARREN,
Secretary pro tem.

The following paper was read at the meeting of young ladies at Bethany church by Mrs. Dwinell:

"I need not explain to you who have thought much about it what the object of this meeting is. But perhaps some one here will say, 'What is this young ladies' branch of the Woman's Board that we are to talk about to-day?' It is merely a closer, sweeter sisterhood, a more tender hand-clasp and heart-clasp, by which we hope to lift each other up to greater helpfulness.

"The fact that you are ready to take upon you the additional responsibility which this organization involves is a mark of progress. While we recognize this, we must also remember that this work cannot be done by a few girls, but it requires the united efforts of all, and that not for a week or a month, but year in and year out. It is the steady, sure pull that makes things move. I have heard it said that 'a bad cause well pushed is better than a good cause poorly pushed.' Don't let us fall here. We have a splendid cause; let us push it with a will.

"There is another element of success which rests with you; that is, regular attendance at the meetings, whether of the branch or of your own auxiliaries. Don't have this question come up every month—'Shall I go to the meeting to-day or not?' Settle it at once—'This is a positive engagement, that no small cause shall keep me from fulfilling. Then, don't carry any cold water to the meetings, but be sympathetic and helpful. In talking this matter over in the Executive Committee, the ladies hoped you might be able, if banded together in this way, to do more effective work in the young people's societies outside of San Francisco, and the churches just about the bay, than we have done. In the last year three of our young societies have died; perhaps you might have kept life in them. Three others are doing good missionary work, but they are working for objects not in the list of our appropriations. Now, we must not only try to wheel these back into our ranks again, but we must resurrect the dead ones. We must do all we can to increase the number of our auxiliaries and the membership in each of them, especially those in our churches. Don't let the youthfulness of some of the girls prevent you from giving them a hearty welcome among the workers; they will soon outgrow this fault. Then, if persons who are older than the generality of your members want to come in, give them also a cordial greeting. They will be valuable helpers.

"There are some important churches in the State that have no young ladies' societies for foreign missions. If one or two real wide-awake girls among you could wake up one or two others in these churches, and let them see through your eyes a little while, that might be the starting-point of a grand movement among them. Then, if one or two could do so much, what might not a hundred girls do?

"We do not want to form a young ladies' branch just for the name of having one. This of itself will accomplish nothing. If this organization means anything, it means work, earnest and self-sacrificing—up-hill work, too, sometimes. People are not always ready to fall in with our ideas. Some may not like our work; some may not like our methods. So, we must be prepared for discouragements, and not be cast down by them.

"Of course, we will continue to be, as we have been in the past—auxiliary to the Woman's Board of the Pacific; being loyal to that, and accepting the work which they give us to do. Our division this year will be one that will awaken all our interest and enthusiasm—the support of Miss Gunnison. The Broussa scholarships will be provided for in some other way.

"If this movement is a success, young ladies, you must feel your responsibility; you must study, work and pray. 'Except the Lord build the house, they labor in vain that build it; except the Lord keep the city, the watchman worketh in vain.'"

In this same connection, as of special interest to our junior forces, we repeat an item sent to the column last week, but tucked into an obscure corner of our good PACIFIC:

"Miss Gunnison—our Miss Gunnison—sailed for Japan, September 19th, on the City of Peking. Very many friends were present to give her a good 'send-off.'"

Three members of the Executive Committee were there, also her pastor, his wife and daughter, and many others of Bethany church. There, too, was the family circle—the little children, the aunt and cousins, the aged uncle, the father and mother, to whom especially her absence will mean so much. Nearly four long hours they passed upon the steamer's deck, waiting for her to weigh anchor and start on her long voyage. Advertised to sail at two, it was after five before she fairly moved off down the stream. Some of us were obliged to leave before the steamer did, and regretted it much.

There were four other missionaries on board, Mr. and Mrs. Vaile, and Mr. Pilcher of the Methodist Mission, China, and Miss Chapin of our own A. B. C. F. M., who shared Miss Gunnison's stateroom. Through mutual friends Miss Gunnison made the acquaintance of the missionaries, also of Captain Berry and Surgeon Grover, while in port.

Ordinary words seem to fail us as we try to write of our interest in this consecration of so valuable a life to the Master's service. May 'he who is over all' make it a means of great blessing to us, as well as to Japan!

Literary and Educational

RECEIVED.—The First Epistle of John, arranged for study, with concordance, notes, references and Bible-readings. Joseph S. Johnston, 1205 East Forty-third street, Chicago. Some one has devoted a good deal of pains to this epistle, which he says contains little over 200 words, "but they are the very ones that the little children of God need in the expression of their spiritual life."

"Illustrated New Mexico—Historical and Industrial," by Wm. G. Ritch. Fifth edition. Santa Fe, Mexico. A pamphlet of 234 pages, with this title, puts New Mexico before the immigrant and the man of trade.—*The English Illustrated Magazine* for August has "Peat Gathering," "The Crofters," "The Pilgrimage of the Thames—Part II"; also three serials continued—"Beneath the Dark Shadow," "The Sirens Three" and "A Family Affair." This is a very pleasing magazine. McMillan & Co., 112 Fourth avenue, New York. \$1.75.

—The *Overland* for September opens with Professor Royce's chapter on "The Squatter Riot of Sacramento." The Hon. S. S. Cox's account of the 35th and 36th Congresses is lively, and is a defense of the course of the Northern Democracy in the early part of the struggle, about secession. We have also a sketch of how the steamer *Lillian* ran the blockade in 1864. It was a fit thing that this number of the *Overland* should give its pages so generously to the memory of "H. H." Without particularizing the other and varied contents of this number, we may say it is a worthy representative of our far Western thought and letters.—We have read through a pamphlet called "Thurston at Newburyport." It gives an account of the Thurston family gathering held there June 24th of the present year. An effort is making to issue a new edition of the "Thurston Genealogies," by Deacon Brown Thurston of Portland, Me. To those who subscribe to the \$1,000 fund for this purpose, a copy of the book will be sent for \$3.00.—*Babyhood* for September; *Babyhood* Publishing Company, 18 Spruce street, New York. \$1.50 a year.

The "Home" at Constantinople.

The many friends who cherish the memory of Julia Rappleye, and of the service she rendered in the early years of the "Home" at Constantinople, will be interested in what Dr. Henry M. Field says in the *Evangelist* of its appearance and of the gift recently bestowed upon it:

"It is a noble monument of American generosity, with its large, well-kept grounds, and its central building, which, in its stately proportions, is like one of our college halls; and when to this is added the orderly arrangement within—the spacious corridors and dormitories, and the recitation-rooms, provided with blackboards and maps and globes, and all the facilities of education—the whole looks like a bit of New England—a section of Wellesley or South Hadley—transplanted to the shores of the Bosphorus. To the main edifice another has since been added by Mr. William O. Chapin of Providence, whom we met in Palestine (at Jerusalem and at Nazareth), and who, coming to Constantinople a few days before us, had been so interested in the work of the Home that he signified at once his desire to give \$20,000 for the erection of a new building as a memorial to his wife. What a beautiful consecration of a great sorrow—to make it the occasion of beneficence to those whose lives have not much to brighten them! Though the gift of the living, it was to bear the name of the beloved dead, and might be considered in one sense as her gift, since it was by the inspiration of her memory. And so it was in harmony with the other gifts to this Home, which have been chiefly, if not wholly, from American women."

Prohibition Prohibits.

Figures will not lie. In Maine, in 1882, there was one liquor shop, with large sales, to 225 of the population, the sales aggregating \$10,000,000, or \$20 per capita; now, one shop to about 925 of the population, the amount per capita being between 60 cents and \$1.25, for all purposes. In 1881, as taxes on distilled and fermented spirits, Illinois paid the Government \$6.50 per capita; Ohio, \$4.50; New York, \$1.45; Maine, 3 cents! In 1882, with a population of 649,116, in all Maine there were but 2,652 arrests for drunkenness, while in San Francisco there were, in a single year, 19,500 arrests for drunkenness; in New York city, 48,191. From 1870 to 1880 the increase of crime was, in the whole country, 82.33 per cent; while in Maine it was but 9.97 per cent.—less than any other State in the Union save one, New Hampshire, a prohibitory State.—*Ex.*

The Aged.

Americans do not lack feeling, but they are sadly wanting in the expression of it—in the little deferences, the tender courtesies, the free, ready signs of affection that make home so satisfying and contenting. To give to the white-haired father or mother not only respect but confidence; to tell the joke and secret to them first; to accord to them cordially the central place in the merry-making, seem trivial matters. Yet it matters much to them, who at the end of life begin to think that they are useless and forgotten, and to question whether they shall be missed when they go out into the nearing night.—*New York Tribune.*

A French grammarian has bequeathed to the Mazrin Library at Paris a collection of 3,500 specimens of bad French, written by members of the Academy from its foundation to the present time.

A New Theology Missionary Charge.

[In a recent editorial this paper expressed the opinion that whatever criticisms should be made upon the recent development of doctrine at our oldest seminary, that development is not of such a character as to justify the supposition that it has passed over to an unevangelical position. At all events, it is only fair to look at the spirit of the movement as it bears on such practical matters as the ordination of missionaries to the foreign field. We therefore print at length the charge given by Professor Egbert Smyth to Dr. Wm. O. Ballantine, missionary to India. It was given in Pilgrim church, Dorchester, in July last.—*Ens.*]

Dear Brother: You have now been put in trust of the gospel. You are commissioned to carry it far hence to men and women, to families and peoples, whom none of us have ever seen, whose institutions and customs are widely variant from ours, whose daily speech but few of us could understand. The occasion brings vividly to our thought the universality of the gospel, and thus suggests what seems to be of most urgent importance to be said to you in this charge; for it is on this fundamental truth that your work is to rest; it is by its benign protection that your spirit is to be kept elastic and free under the heat and burden of a foreign missionary's toil.

1. I charge you, then, first of all, to throw yourself into the greatness of Christ. Seek to realize more and more every day what fullness is his; what wisdom, power, purity, unselfishness and all-sufficing love. He is the eternal Word, the beginning of God's ways to his works, the arch-type of humanity, the Son of man. All things were created by him and for him. In every Brahmin or Surdra, Parsee or Hindoo, you are to see a soul created in his image, that it may bear his moral likeness. Only through union with him, out of that great, teaming, divided, weary Indian world, can there come forth a moral order and unity in the freshness of morning and youth. "It pleased the Father that in him should all fullness dwell." Think of this as your heart faints at sights of human wretchedness and woe. Is the need overwhelmingly great? What is it to the fullness of Christ? There is not a soul in India not known to God, not in his thought and purpose, when it was settled, in the councils of eternity, that the Word should be made flesh. But you will be appalled by the sins of men even more than by their wretchedness. Here are the bitter fountains, ever flowing.

2. I charge you, then, secondly, to keep ever vivid and efficient in your thought and life the universality of the atonement. He tasted death for every man. If I did not know how slow of heart I have been to receive the truth, to take it up into my conceptions of human life and history, and the routine and daily duties God appoints, I could not repress the impatience that would burst forth, that the Church of Christ, that we, professed disciples of our bleeding, suffering, dying Redeemer, enter so feebly and, as it were, reluctantly, into this universal meaning and purpose of his death. Only by the hardest has it been wrung, even as a dogmatic statement, from the iron grasp of conceptions of God gained not from the gospel, but from the pride and haughtiness of human power, or the terrors and alarms of guilty consciences. But it has been won; and with its coming came new inspiration in preaching, calls urgent and effective to men to repent and believe, revivals of religion, the first missions in these modern days to India and far-off islands, a new sense that Christ really meant what he said when he bade his Church preach the gospel to every creature. The greatness of Christ's agony and on the cross, the greatness of it in its efficacy with God, in its outreach of might and power with men, and of what it is able and is destined to accomplish, how slow of heart are we to believe what the Scriptures have spoken of this, and the providence of God is revealing! I charge you, my brother, never, never lose sight for an instant of the cross of Christ, and that he who hung upon it, as he created every soul, died for all; that the utmost within the reach of infinite compassion and love might be done that no member of our sinful and guilty race should be left unsaved.

3. It cannot be that the atonement is for all, and the mission of the Spirit for a select few. Once the Spirit was not yet given because Christ was not yet glorified. The dispensation of the Spirit, the times of the Spirit, are the fruit of the entrance into human history of Christ, the Son of God, and Son of man, and of the sacrifice for the sin of all offered by this representative of all. The two are commensurate. The Spirit is the Spirit of Christ. "He shall take of mine and shall show it unto you." "And he when he is come, will convict the world of sin"—the sin of unbelief. He goes with the Word of the cross and of Christ. I charge you to preach this Word in full confidence that this mighty power of the Spirit of God is in your message, and operative to make real to men the divine realities you are appointed to present to them.

4. And it is in reliance on this attesting power of the Spirit that you are to proclaim Christ's universal Lordship. No question in our time is nearer and more urgent than that of religious authority. If multitudes of men in Christian lands are bewildered and perplexed by it, how great are the difficulties confronting the missionary who proclaims the Lordship of Jesus to votaries of ancient religions, to minds steeped in immemorial traditions all at variance with Christ's claim to absolute authority! "No man can

say Jesus is Lord but in the Holy Spirit." The solution of all doubts respecting religious authority is given, and is given alone, in the experience wrought in the soul by the Spirit of Christ. I charge you to remember this principle and to put it in practice. Present to men Christ, the historical Christ. Be not overanxious to meet all their critical questionings, suspicions, denials. Hold up the character, the excellence, the person, of Christ, doing what may be necessary to make evident the great facts in his earthly life, but never failing to present them, relying on their intrinsic force and the promised Spirit. In this atmosphere of spiritual power, declare him to be Lord of all, and men will see his sovereignty, whether they obey or resist.

It is but a part of the same message of authority for you to present him as judge of the quick and dead. This, too, is but another aspect of that universality which characterizes his person, his sacrifice, his sending the Spirit, his Lordship.

5. From this point of view you will be able to proclaim from deepest personal conviction, what is also clearly revealed in the Scriptures, that "there is but one name under heaven, given among men, wherein we must be saved."

I charge you to be faithful to this truth in all its necessary implications and outward scope. The Apostle Peter announced it at the beginning of his ministry to his countrymen. He did so, the narrative tells us, "filled with the Holy Ghost." He leaves us in no doubt what name he has in mind. He mentions it. It is the name of Jesus Christ of Nazareth, the historic Christ; in none other, he says, is there salvation. Later he preaches the same gospel to the Roman Centurion, Cornelius. Cornelius is a representative of the highest and best that could be attained under the religions of Greece and Rome, or the Orient, and of more than this. He had become a devout worshiper of Jehovah. He had reached the plane of Jewish piety, yet to him, through the mission of an angel from heaven, and by command of the Spirit, the chief of the apostles was sent, to teach him how he and his house should be saved. (Acts xi: 13, 14.) If the heathen world were full to-day of men like Cornelius, devout men, converted men, our duty would still be to send to them the gospel. All other religious systems are at most preparatory. In none of them is the heavenly good offered in Christ attained. In none of them is salvation as the apostles found and proclaimed it. The reason for Christian missions is deeper, vaster than is sometimes understood. It is, that without a knowledge of the historic Christ, Christ crucified, no soul is saved, as Peter, Paul, and John, and Christian believers know this salvation.

Christian missions have prospered, or have declined or failed, as the Church has understood or corrupted this truth of the absoluteness of Christianity.

The early church started out with it; but Christ's authority soon became outward, and his personal relation to men was obscured. The Reformation abolished sacerdotalism, brought back the truths of spiritual regeneration and universal priesthood of believers. But it transformed the absoluteness of Christ into the absoluteness of divine sovereignty, which appointed a Redeemer for the elect, and left the non-elect to perish.

Our fathers, as I have said, won for us a purer doctrine and a larger hope, and kindled thereby anew the flames of missionary zeal. There are those present who can recall with what eagerness and joy the thought was greeted, that heathenism itself was a preparation for the coming of Christ, that God's providence had always dealt with men on the basis of a universal atonement, and that the missionary of Christ could say to every pagan that the Redeemer died for him.

But this truth has been but half appreciated, and the story of the cross but half told. The providence of God is demanding that we enter more deeply and fully into the indispensableness and absoluteness of Christianity. Providence is opening the world to the missionary. Has the missionary a gospel for the world? Has he a gospel for the individual soul, giving assurance of pardon, and the permanent indwelling of the Holy Spirit; a gospel for the family and the nation, establishing the principles of authority and of brotherhood; a gospel that illumines the course of history, fulfills all aspirations, satisfies all needs, which have been awakened and left unsatisfied in other religious systems; a gospel comprehensive of the entire race into which, in the fullness of time, the Son of God was born—born of a woman, born under the law, that we might receive the adoption of sons?

I charge you, my brother, that you settle the pressing problems of missionary life which confront you in the light of the attested fact of Christ's universal relationship to mankind.

Taking this position, you can command the wide and varied field before you. You will exalt Christ as the one only Saviour without disparaging any witness of God in nature, or conscience, or preparatory revelation. You will magnify the grace of Christ so that the terror of the law will seem only the more appalling. God's sovereignty and electing love will gain new meaning and luster. It will be the sovereignty of the Lamb in the midst of the throne, slain from the foundation of the world; an election radiant with the glories of that Elect One who came to minister and save; and the final consummation for which you will pray and toil, and in which you will hope to share, will be one not to be reached till the last soul in the darkness of Africa or the remotest corner of the globe has had its opportunity of salvation by the cross of Christ; a consummation in which the joy of each redeemed soul will be augmented by the blessedness of every other, and the joy in all of him whose goings forth have been

from everlasting, and whose creative, redeeming, revealing, triumphant love is the theme of the eternal harmonies.

And may he, who has given you this grace to preach among the Gentiles the unsearchable riches of Christ, make you perfect in every good work to do his will, and strengthen you with might by his Spirit in the inner man, that Christ may dwell in your heart by faith, and that you may know his love, which passeth knowledge, and be filled with all the fullness of God.

London Vice.

Cardinal Manning, in the October number of the *North American Review*, sustains the charge of the *Pall Mall Gazette*, about the infamous crimes of London. Speaking of the existing law of England, the Cardinal thus shows how they encourage inhuman crimes:

"By our present legal code a girl cannot give her consent to marriage before the age of twenty-one, but she is regarded as capable of consenting to her own ruin at the age of thirteen years. The man who marries her before twenty-one is punishable by law. The man who ruins a child of thirteen escapes with impunity. She may ruin herself at thirteen, but cannot marry, for defect of consent, till twenty-one. If any one should know that his dog or cat were detained in any house, the police, with all expedition, could search for his property. But if he knew that his child were detained in the house, neither he nor the police could enter it. His only remedy would be by writ of *habeas corpus*, which could not be obtained for many hours, and perhaps for days; but the ruin of his child might be at any moment. Once more I say, children of thirteen, and all girls above that age, are supposed to be free agents, and capable of consenting to their own ruin; thus, he who ruins them for life escapes with impunity, on 'Volenti non fit injuria.' It has been solemnly argued, by men who have great legal reputation, that the abominable and inhuman trade of the procurer and procuress cannot be punishable by law, because the end to which their hideous traffic is directed is not illegal. Here we have another legal dictum; the accomplices are not punishable because the principals are within the rights of their liberty."

After stating how every effort to amend these infamous laws was persistently defeated "for five long years," the Cardinal then refers to Mr. Stead's assault:

"This heartless delay, full of fatal consequences of demoralization and wreck and ruin to the innocent, the helpless of our people, justly aroused the indignation of those to whom justice and mercy are more dear than the redistribution of seats or the disfranchisement for medical relief. Prompted—I might say stung—by an indignant impatience, the editor of the *Pall Mall Gazette*, and other like-minded men, defying all antagonists, entered upon their warfare against the damnation of cruelty and lust. I have said elsewhere that many of those who profoundly sympathize in the motives which induced the *Pall Mall Gazette* to take up the question might have desired its modes and expressions to have been revised and chastened; but that in such matter of moral life and death, and, above all, when the obloquy and calumny of the bad, and the basty and short-sighted censures of some good men, were heaped upon those who entered the furnace to save souls, I should hold it to be not only ungenerous, but cowardly and cruel, not to stand between the handful of men, who, for the moral life of England, dared this courageous action, and the whole world of their censurers. The substance of this action is intrinsically just and merciful. The incidental evils that may arise are of a lower order, and depend upon the use or the abuse which individuals may make of these terrible revelations."

Pointed Illustrations

I once heard a man affect an audience wonderfully by what he said. Dr. Richardson would have put in it much better shape, but the man did a good work by his method of putting the point. He said:

"They tell us that alcohol gives strength and nourishment. Now it does not; it gives stimulus."

"But," says his opponent, "there can be no stimulus without some nourishment."

His reply was, "You sit down on a hornet's nest, and it's very quickening, but it is not nourishing."

When we do not understand the science of the question, we are forced to use common illustrations; I give you another as a specimen. A man once said to a friend of mine:

"You are fighting whisky; whisky has done a great deal of good; why, whisky has saved a great many lives."

My friend said, "What do you mean?"

"Why," said the man, "I mean that whisky has saved a great many lives." "Well," said my friend "you remind me of a composition a boy wrote on the subject of a pin:

"A pin is a very queer sort of a thing. It has a round head and a sharp point; and if you stick pins into you, they hurt. Women use pins to pin on their cuffs and collars, and men use pins when the buttons is off. You can get pins for five cents a paper; but if you swallow them, they will kill you; but they have saved thousands of lives."

"The teacher said: 'Why, Thomas, what do you mean by that?' Said the boy: 'By people not swallowin' of 'em.'"

—John B. Gough.

The United States Commissioner of Education says 80 per cent. of the crime of New England is committed by those who have no education at all, or none sufficient to serve them a valuable purpose in life.



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I was made to be eaten,
And not to be drunk;
To be thrashed in a barn,
Not soaked in a tank.

I come as a blessing
When put in a mill,
As a blight and a curse
When run through a still.

Make me up into loaves,
And your children are fed;
But if into a drink,
I will starve them instead.

In bread I'm a servant;
The eater shall rule.
In drink I am master,
The drinker a fool.

Then remember the warning—
My strength I'll employ,
If eaten to strengthen,
If drunk to destroy.

—Christian at Work.

Mr. Lincoln and Colonel Scott.

It was the summer of '62, and McClellan's sojourns in the Chickahominy had filled the hospitals, far and near, with the sick. Colonel Scott of a New Hampshire regiment lay low with fever at Newport News. The nurse wrote to the wife of the condition of her husband, and told her that the doctor in charge of the hospital remarked that morning, as he visited her ward, "that special care must be given Colonel Scott, for he was a very sick man, and the country could ill spare so brave a soldier."

The very day that the wife received this letter she started for Virginia. She found her husband alive, and her courageous spirit and loving assiduity soon began to tell in his improving health. In a week, leaning upon her loving arm, he was able to walk a little about the hospital. A great battle was daily expected, so a steamer was to take to the hospitals at Washington such of the patients as could bear removal, that room might be made for the expected wounded. Mrs. Scott found no difficulty in getting her husband designated among the several scores that were thus to be sent North.

That evening, just as the steamer turned from the bay into the Potomac, she came in collision with a transport coming down, was badly stove, several staterooms being carried away, with their sleeping occupants, and some twelve or more of these sick men and their attendants were drowned, among the number the faithful and noble wife of Colonel Scott.

A few who were thrown into the water were rescued, but when all hope of saving others was at an end, the steamer proceeded on her way. The next day a telegram was received at the War Department, telling that the people residing in the neighborhood had found the bodies of several of the victims of the collision, and had given them burial in such manner that they could be identified if friends called for them; that among these rescued and buried bodies was that of Mrs. Scott. This information coming to Colonel Scott, he was naturally anxious to return down the river, that he might receive the body of his devoted wife and take it to New Hampshire for sepulture.

A grand forward movement at the front then being in contemplation, for a day or two there had been an order to the War Department that no passes or transportation down the Potomac should be allowed any one, save those actually engaged in co-operating with the movement. So, when Colonel Scott applied to Secretary Stanton for permission to go down the river, he was refused, and no time permitted him for entreaty. From Mr. Stanton, Colonel Scott hurried to the White House. It was late Saturday afternoon, and Mr. Lincoln had left, wearier even than was his wont, for his retreat at the "Soldiers' Home," and in the hope of an undisturbed evening, and quiet Sabbath, that he might gather some strength for the coming week, expected to be one of stirring events.

Colonel Scott soon found a New Hampshire friend, who knew Mr. Lincoln, and the way to the "Old Soldiers' Home." When they reached the gray stone cottage, where Mr. Lincoln spent his weary nights and thoughtful Sundays of that anxious summer of '62, it was in the deepening twilight. The house was still and dark—not a lamp lighted; not a sound, save the "katydids" in the old elm calling to the "katydids."

The servant who answered the bell led the way into the little parlor, where, in the gloaming, entirely alone, sat Mr. Lincoln. In his escape, as he supposed, from all visitors, and weary with the care and heat of the day, he had thrown off his coat and shoes, and, with a large palm-leaf fan in his hand, as he reposed in a broad chair, one leg hanging over his arm, he seemed to be in deep thought, perhaps studying the chances of the impending battle.

Uninterrupted by a single word from Mr. Lincoln, the Colonel told his sad story—his sickness, and the coming to him of his wife, her terrible death, the finding of the body, and his desire to reach it and take it to his home. Then he added that he had been to Mr. Stanton, been refused permission to go down the river, and so, in his despair, had come to him.

At this point, Mr. Lincoln rose to his feet, and, in a voice of mingled vexation and sadness, asked: "Am I to have no rest? Is there no hour or spot when or where I may escape this constant call? Why do you follow me out here with such business as this? Why do you not go to the War Office, where they have charge of all this matter of papers and transportation?"

The Colonel repeated the fact of his going to Mr. Stanton, and his refusal.

"Then, probably, you ought not to go down the river. Mr. Stanton knows all about the necessities of the hour; he

knows what rules are necessary, and rules are made to be enforced. It would be wrong for me to override his rules and decisions in cases of this kind; it might work disaster to important movements. And then, you ought to remember that I have other duties to attend to—heaven knows, enough for one man!—and I can give no thought to questions of this kind. Why do you come here to appeal to my humanity? Don't you know, Colonel Scott, that we are in the midst of war? that suffering and death press upon all of us? that works of humanity and affection which we would cheerfully perform in days of peace are all trampled upon and outlawed by war? There is no room left for them. There is but one duty now; that is to fight. The only call of humanity now is to conquer peace through unrelenting warfare. War, and war alone, is the duty of all of us. Your wife might have trusted you to the care which the Government has provided for its sick soldiers. At any rate, you must not vex me with your family troubles. Why, every family in the land is crushed with sorrow; but they must not each come to me for help. I have all the burden I can carry. Go to the War Department. Your business belongs there. If they cannot help you, then bear your burden, as we all must, until this war is over. Everything must yield to the paramount duty of finishing the war."

Colonel Scott was terribly disappointed and crushed by his totally unexpected rebuff. He knew that there was no hope in returning to Mr. Stanton, so he retired to his hotel, and walked his room until morning, when, throwing himself upon his bed, he had scarcely fallen asleep when he was awakened by a hurried footstep in the hall, and a sharp rap at his door. He opened it and was seized by both hands by Abraham Lincoln, who, in a voice as buoyant and sympathetic as last night it was weary and ceremonious, exclaimed: "My dear Colonel, I was a brute last night. I have no excuse for my conduct. Indeed, I was weary to the last extent, but I had no right to treat a man with rudeness who had offered his life for his country, much more a man who came to me in great affliction. Colonel Scott, I honor you for your attachment to the memory of your wife, and for your desire to take the dead body to your home and kindred. She was a devoted, heroic wife, worthy of your love; and to think that I should have made any criticism, as I did last night, upon her being away from her home, and in the place of danger! This war, Colonel Scott, has shown great qualities on the part of our people; but in my soul I have no higher admiration than for the nobility of our women in the patriotic ardor with which they gave up husbands and sons for the service, and the tender devotion with which they follow and care for them in the hospitals. That I should have had any but words of warm consideration for such a woman, hurrying to her husband's sick-bed, or being seemingly indifferent to the terrible grief, my dear Colonel, which crushes you, I cannot understand. I have had a regretful night. Now, my good man, hurry and get ready. I have seen Secretary Stanton, and he has arranged all. They are getting up the fires on a boat at the Navy Yard, which will take you down the river. An undertaker, with his assistants, in the service of the Quartermaster's Department, has been ordered aboard the boat, to give you all needed help. You will find everything aboard necessary for your sad errand. Now, get ready; don't stop for breakfast; you can get that on board the boat after you start, and I have my carriage here, and will go with you to the wharf. And, Colonel, when you get home, don't tell your children of my conduct last night, but tell them that I beg permission to share in their sorrow for the loss of so good a mother. And, Colonel, notwithstanding my indifference last night, I honor you from the bottom of my heart for your manly love for your wife and devotion to her memory."

The President, in his carriage, took Colonel Scott to the steamer, and, seeing that every needed detail had been attended to, stood by until the boat cast off, and then rode back his six miles to his breakfast.

Such was the great, true, warm-hearted Abraham Lincoln. He was our countryman—and God be thanked that when the most terrific war of history beat upon our Government, he was our President.—John R. French, in *North American*.

Spring Hallelujahs.

Writes Dr. Hall: "Have a rocking-chair in some large room at the top of the house, all cozy, quiet and clean, and in some of the old familiar tunes of the village church of your childhood sing by the hour, with an open mouth and a loud voice—not on a penny-whistle pitch—the psalms and hymns and spiritual songs of Wesley and Watts, of David or Moses."

Sing away and rock away, and don't be afraid if your neighbors do think you are a Methodist; for if you are a live one the angels won't be ashamed of you; but while you are singing think what the words mean, and let your heart go out in that meaning; think, too, of the many who used to sing these same songs with you, but who are now no more now, for their lips are still in death, and their sweet voices are hushed in the churchyard grave, to be heard no more until you join together in singing the hallelujahs of the skies.

What is with the treasure must fare as the treasure; the heart which haunts the treasure-house where the moth and rust corrupt will be exposed to the same ravages as the treasure, will itself be rusted and moth-eaten. Many a man, many a woman, fair and flourishing to see, is going about with a rusty, moth-eaten heart.—*Unspoken Sermons*.

Childhood's Devotions.

The spectator has often admired the simplicity of childhood's devotions, and envied the readiness with which a child, not instructed in that mistaken reverence which separates life into departments—the religious and the secular—passes from one to the other without halting for a moment at the transition. A friend sitting on the Spectator's porch the other evening told two stories in illustration of this delightful habit which we, alas! outgrow. A little girl was very fond of pickles, and so devoted to them that as a reward for good behavior she was frequently allowed to take a pickle to bed. One night she laid her pickle on the edge of a chair by the side of her bed while she knelt to say her prayer. In the midst of her devotions she heard her little sister come into the room and take her pickle. She said: "Oh, dear Lord, excuse me a minute until I get my pickle," ran and took the pickle away from her little sister, and then knelt down and finished her prayer just where she left it.

A little boy would never repeat the prayers his mother taught him, and though he would say, "Now I Lay Me" and "Our Father," in the daytime, he would never say them at night, because he said it was "not being polite to God." One day the family physician, an intimate friend of his father, took the little fellow to his office, where all the morning he could look out on the square and see Barnum's circus parade. After the unusual excitement of the day, he was so weary he could hardly hold his eyes open while his mother addressed him. She said: "Now, Ernest, just say 'Now I Lay Me,' and jump into bed." But he knelt down and persisted in composing his usual prayer for papa, and for mamma, and for Dr. Fred, when he sleepily added, "Now, good-night, dear Lord, I am too tired," but, suddenly recollecting himself, he pulled open his eyes and added, in the most confidential manner, "It's been a very pleasant day, O Lord. I've had a beautiful time, and I hope you've enjoyed the circus. Good-night," and was put into bed sound asleep.—*Christian Union*.

The Women of China.

The primary truth that woman has a soul has to be taught to the heathen women of China. When a missionary has mentioned this in preaching, the women present have been overheard speaking in amazement to each other, and quoting the words, "Woman has a soul!" * * *

No one can be acquainted with native life without being painfully impressed with the spiritual needs of the women. Their distress on the loss of children is unutterable. One will throw herself into the water-well, and another be found visiting the grave, putting her head on the cold earth, and wailing bitterly. When I have been preaching on the light and comfort of Christianity, a mother has come forward in the crowd, and asked, "Can you give me any comfort concerning my son?" and then goes on to relate her trouble about him. * * *

The women may be considered the pillars of idolatry. They frequent the idol-temples; they instruct their children from earliest years in the rites and ceremonies of superstition; they are even found prominent in idolatrous processions, and in pilgrimages to a weary distance. They will eagerly vow offerings to the god who shall hear their prayer for blessings on their children, their family or themselves. * * *

To the women who have placed their faith and hope in vegetarianism and such like superstitions, the gospel brings a clearer, purer and warmer light.—*Woman's Evangel*.

Commonplace.

Mr. Lowell's remark at the unveiling of the bust of Gray at Pembroke College, Cambridge, that "if there is one thing more than another which insures the lead in life, it is the commonplace," is thus pleasantly enlarged upon by a writer in the current number of *Macmillan's*.

"By commonplace, it would appear that he meant something simple and obvious, something that requires no great intellectual profundity to grasp and comprehend it, some natural truth that goes straight to every heart and stays there. And so, by his daring assertion that 'if there is one thing more than another which insures the lead in life, it is the commonplace,' Mr. Lowell seems to have really meant that to be simple, straightforward, natural, sincere, is the way to get on in life; and that to aim at the opposites of these qualities is not the way. He was not just then, we may suppose, confining himself to a literary life; but it is clear that he designed his words to apply to literature no less than to the general conduct of human affairs. On both sides they are equally remarkable, equal in opportunity, and to some, at least, whom they may have since reached, if to none who received them fresh from the fountain head, must one fancies, be equally unpalatable. The virtues Mr. Lowell commends are certainly not, in our literature, as elsewhere, the prevailing virtues of the age.—*Christian Union*.

It is good for a man to be checked, crossed, disappointed, made to feel his own ignorance, weakness, folly; made to feel the need of God; to feel that, in spite of all his cunning and self-confidence, he is no better off in this world than in a dark forest, unless he has a Father in heaven who loves him with eternal love, and a Holy Spirit in heaven who will give him a right judgment in all things, and a Saviour in heaven who can be touched with the feeling of his infirmities.—*Charles Kingsley*.

It is said that a piece of zinc placed on the coals of a hot stove will clean the stove-pipe. The vapor produced carries off the soot by chemical decomposition.

Household.

SALMON CROQUETTES.—One can preserve salmon; 1 raw egg, well beaten; ½ cup fine bread crumbs; 1 teaspoonful of butter, salt, cayenne pepper, a pinch of nutmeg, juice of half a lemon or a teaspoonful of vinegar. Drain off the liquor and mince the fish. Melt and work in the butter, season to taste, and moisten with the liquor and vinegar before the crumbs go in. Beat up a raw egg and mix well with the fish, etc. Flour your hands and make the paste into rolls as large as your middle finger and more than an inch in diameter. Roll over and over on a well-floured dish to shape them, flatten the ends by standing them on the same, and when thickly crusted with flour set aside in a cold place for an hour or more. They should be firm before they are cooked. Heat nice clear dripping or sweet lard hot in a frying-pan—enough to "swim" the croquettes: Put in a few at a time, turning over gradually as they brown. When done put them in a hot colander to rid them of grease, then pile neatly on a warm dish.—*The Cottage Kitchen*.

GREEN CORN PUDDING.—Twelve ears of sweet corn, grated from the cob; 4 eggs; 2 cups of milk; a teaspoonful of sugar, rubbed up with 1 of butter; 1 teaspoonful of salt; 2 teaspoonfuls of flour. Bake one hour. Serve in a pudding-dish, hot.—*The Dinner Year-Book*.

TO FRY CORN.—Cut the corn off the cob and to a pint of it allow a small lump of butter, a beaten egg, and a half a pint of sweet milk; add enough flour to enable you to make out the corn into small round cakes. Grease a griddle, and fry them till nicely browned.

Silver spoons that have become discolored in contact with cooked eggs may be easily brightened by rubbing with common salt. A lump of gum-camphor in the closet where silver or plated ware is kept will do much toward preventing tarnish.

The best way to brighten a carpet is to put a half tumbler of spirits of turpentine in a basin of water and dip your broom in it and sweep over the carpet once or twice, and it will restore the color and brighten it up until you would think it new.

Stuffed tomatoes make an excellent *tremlet de légumes*. They may be stuffed with rice or mashed potatoes, bread crumbs and onions, or with any farce of meat, fish or poultry.

Lemon juice will whiten frosting; cranberry or strawberry juice will color it pink, and the grated rind of an orange strained through a cloth will color it yellow.

Are You a Christian?

It is an old story, and we have often told it; nevertheless, it will bear repeating. We were holding a series of evangelistic meetings in the city of Providence. The place of service was in the Music Hall. A large number were staying to the after-meeting for inquiry and conversation. Passing down the middle aisle, speaking to the people one by one concerning their souls, we noticed a finely dressed, handsome woman sitting on an end seat, a few steps in advance of the position we had reached on our way down the length of the hall. As we approached her we noticed that she drew herself up and put on a haughty air as though she would rebuff us before we ventured to speak to her. Nevertheless we approached her, and in courteous manner and address asked her the usual question: "Madam, are you a Christian?" "No, sir," was the instant response, "I am an Episcopalian." Now, the good lady did not mean to say that which her reply implied. She only meant to say that being an Episcopalian, and unused to the methods of an inquiry room, she did not esteem herself a proper subject for our inquiry. But the suggestion the response raised in our minds was that there are many persons in the Church of Christ who are not prepared to answer promptly and joyously: "I am a Christian," who can, nevertheless, snap out the fact that they are Methodists, Baptists, Presbyterians, Congregationalists or Episcopalians. Apropos of this, we once had a man in the church of which we were years ago the pastor, who, in all other things but spiritual life, was an exceptionally good man. If there was money to be raised he was the first to give; if there was any enterprise on hand for the advancement of the church or the denomination, he was foremost in his interest to help; but when spiritual matters were under discussion he was always silent. He came to the Sabbath service, but never to the prayer-meeting. We were urging him one day to come to prayer-meeting, pressing upon him his duty as a Christian man to take a more decided stand in spiritual matters. His prompt and frank reply was: "Pastor, I agree with you, that every Christian man ought to attend to the spiritual interests of the church and of his own life; but the truth is, while I am absolutely sure that I am a Baptist, I have always been in doubt as to whether I am a Christian; indeed, I don't think I am." We are well assured that there are many Congregationalists and Presbyterians, as well as Baptists and Episcopalians, of this type.—*Words and Weapons*.

According to a recent Turkish census the population of Constantinople numbers 870,000. About one-half are Moslems, 112,000 are foreigners, and 270,000 live in the Christian suburban district of Pera.

Edinburgh is probably the most thoroughly Presbyterian city in the world. Out of a total of 181 churches 124 are Presbyterian.

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WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 30, 1885.

Once more a good word for the General Association. All its sessions need to be fully attended by all its members, as well as by all its neighbors. Some of the ministers and delegates have too much visiting, too much shopping, too much calling, too many miscellanies to attend to, to render the most effective service as members of the Association. Why not remain a day longer and devote it to these and similar things needing to be done? True, it is trying and exhausting to attend closely, think intently, and feel deeply; but these acts are what members are for, and these are necessary to the best results and the largest satisfactions.

With the close of the month the "Fair" season ends. Most of these have been successes—notably, the Mechanics' Fair of this city. Now we have before us an entire month of prospective beautiful weather, and freedom from pre-occupations and excitements. No political campaign in progress. Even those of the East are rather tame; unless it be in New York, where the political "boys" have attempted to "boycott" the President. With its serene days and long, cool nights, what a month October will be for meetings, lectures, lyceums, schools; in the interests of literature, science, morals and religion! Who has not an ache in his very bones to be doing something to improve, elevate and renovate himself?

The exposures made of late in London of the prevalence of certain forms of immorality, and the success of Mormons among the female population in Europe, have called public attention once more to the subject of female emigration as one of the possible means of curing the evils exposed. In Great Britain particularly, and in all the countries of the old world, the females are in excess of the males in population. Many of these women left in excess have no education, no trade, no means of livelihood, no prospects that allure them through their affections, their hopes or their ambitions, to lives of industry, thrift, virtue and honor, even when they have good opportunities, as they frequently do not have. Temptations to wrong courses would have far less influence with them were they removed to lands where their sex is relatively smaller, and opportunities of labor are larger, and appreciation is greater, and the disposition to give assistance is more liberal. The number of employments open to women should be increased, and every encouragement given them to self-support, not abroad only, but also in America and on our shores.

The nations of the continent of Europe are sometimes commended to us as examples in the matter of temperance—as if they fell into no excesses under "free liquor." But there are coming, every year or two, from these same countries, such broad statements of the frightful ravages of drink as almost to surpass belief. Recently we have read that the "question of excessive drinking in Germany, and its results on the health, morals and prosperity of the people, has just been made the subject of an elaborate investigation by Dr. Baer, head physician at the Plotzensee prison, who has published a pamphlet with the title, "Drunkennes and the Combat Against It in Germany." According to the calculations of this writer, "every adult male German was in the habit of drinking, ten years ago, an average of one litre of pure alcohol a week, or four glasses daily; and four years later the consumption had increased by nearly twenty-five per cent." He believes that the consumption of liquors is much greater than the statistics show, because he wished to be on the safe side. Besides all this, the consumption of beer is enormous, as all the world knows, and has doubled, per man, the last twenty-five years. The facts show that, unless the temperance reform begins soon, the nation will not long maintain its pre-eminence.

The Alleged Decadence of Evangelical Christianity—II.

We glanced last week at five classes of our fellow-citizens who are wont to prophesy the decadence of the churches. But even the most desponding prophet may look at things in a different light. A clearer vision may come to him. Where he has been seeing only one faithful man in Israel, he may see seven thousand. No one who is familiar with the prophetic books of the Bible has failed to note the sudden transitions which occur. The dark facts in the religious prospects of the chosen people are set forth in one paragraph as nakedly as if an enemy were doing it. Yet, in the next paragraph, we see Zion put on her beautiful garments—fair, and even rapturous, visions pass before us of her prosperity and enlargement. So, the true interpreter of the state of the churches should be like the typical prophet—capable of seeing the darkness and the light.

Suppose, then, we are called upon to answer the question whether the churches are stronger or weaker than they were fifty years ago. Is there nothing in the review of the matter to sadden and mortify us? Is all that meets us of a roseate hue? Far otherwise. It were the easiest thing in the world for one to go through the record of the past and make a long catalogue of failures, shames, weaknesses. If the question were, Are the churches as potent and influential, and increasing as rapidly as ought to be expected of them, if they were what they claim to be? the negative answer would be given without a moment's hesitation. Does not the evangelical force in many a town of our order, as well as our own newer States, look insignificant? Do not the masses leave it alone? Have not our own evangelical families failed to retain their own sons and daughters in communion at our altars? And when we compare the number of communicants with the millions who are outside, even in the home-lands, and especially with the vast populations of the world at large, does not the Church seem like a feeble folk? Inquiries of this form may bring the quick sense of depression and humiliation. The churches are still but a minority, and not always and everywhere moving in the spirit and air of those who are to conquer the world. This reproach we must allow.

But the other reproach—that the evangelical host is losing ground, either absolutely or relatively—would be more serious. For it would give the outlook of despair; and that is an outlook which does not prevail in the Messianic prophesy; nor can it be endured in the camp of him of whom it was said, "He shall not fail nor be discouraged till he have set judgment in the earth."

Let us look, then, at the number of persons enrolled in evangelical churches in the United States at different periods within about fifty years past. In 1832, when the population of the States was 13,614,420, the communicants in evangelical Protestant bodies were counted as 1,343,948, one to a little more than ten of the total population. The latest summary, made in 1884, gives the whole number of such communicants as 10,700,000, or almost exactly one in five. That is to say, the churches are numerically seven times stronger, and their rate of growth is twice that of the general population. It is worthy of notice that the relative gain is steady in each successive decade, the comparative figures standing about thus: 10, 7, 6, 5, 5. These figures have been wrought over by different men with slightly different results in detail, but with substantially the same conclusion. The conclusion is corroborated by the figures of the United States census, which show a corresponding increase in the number and cost of church edifices from one period to another. We may add that the membership in the Sunday-school, which was reckoned at a half-million in 1830, has risen to over six million. It should seem, then, that, as far as numbers are concerned, the evangelical churches show signs not of decline, but the contrary. It must be remembered that these are the facts in a country where the general population has been swollen during the whole period referred to by millions of immigrants, many of them either Roman Catholics in their attachments, or indifferent or hostile to churches, under the influence of reaction from formalism in the countries from which they came, and by reason of the unbelief and the socialism which prevail in large circles of the Old World. To hold its own under such circumstances would indicate life in the evangelical body. To do more than that certainly proves a very hopeful vitality. Let us note, next week, some farther signs of the same.

The article on the fourth page, last column, in last week's issue, entitled "Woman's Work," should have been credited to the churches in Los Angeles. It was furnished by Mrs. Moore, a member of our First church in that city.

A Sun and Shield.

BY REV. DR. A. L. STONE.

Did ever any man have such tender and intimate experience of what we may call the personal qualities and characteristics of the Most High as the Psalmist of Israel? How abounding and emphatic are his testimonies concerning these demonstrative attributes of his Heavenly Friend! Language seems not to have breadth enough or force enough to convey the expression of his overflowing eloquence. Its most significant and eloquent imagery is employed to reflect this outpouring of the Divine nature. In such overflow of soul from David's lips this line is eminent, "The Lord God is a Sun and Shield."

He is "a Sun" in the inscrutable splendor of His being. These glories are too bright for us to gaze upon. They shine down upon us and all our earthly pathway, but our faltering vision has to turn away from the dazzling radiance.

And these beams drive away all clouds of doubt and gloom and grief, and give us a clear sky beneath which to walk along all our earthly pilgrimage. If any night settle down upon us this, fresh uprising Sun brings in the morning and the new day.

And these beams effect vital warmth as well as illumination. They drive away not only the darkness but the frost, and give a genial nurture to all blooming and fruitful growths. Without such brooding heat, there could be no plants of righteousness, no bloom of love and duty, out of the soil of the human heart.

And, like the solar effulgence, this Divine presence is with us in all the grading of our earthly walks. It regards not the variety or diversity of earthly conditions. On hill and vale, on broad vineyard and lowly garden spot, it sheds its strengthening and gladdening influence.

We may well be reminded, perhaps, that if our way lapse into darkness, and the blessed sunshine be hid, it is because we suffer the world to drift in between us and that heavenly orb, and to eclipse to our soul its cheering light, causing us to stumble in heedless going.

Or, if there be need of special chastening for the growth of some heroic virtue, the clouds will gather and veil the sunbeams, and pour down the gracious showers, at first chilling and depressing, that bring out afterward the vigor of such blessed growths.

And, beside this orb of Splendor, the Lord God is to his people "A Shield." Whatever shafts of evil are flying toward us, He interposes His presence and His power as our defense. Let slander assail us, let any human malice aim at our right, let plague, pestilence, and famine threaten our safety, behind this invincible protection we dwell in peace and security. There is nothing hurtful in all the range of our personal besetments from which this keeping does not effectually shelter and preserve us.

Ah, when these two representative offices of our Heavenly Friend are practically realized by us, what more under all our conditions of frailty and dependence can we need? Happy lot, if we can claim this appropriation of such a Helper and Keeper, and assert the ascription as our own infinite and unfailing wealth, "The Lord God is our Sun and Shield!"

Congregational Club.

Thirty-six members of the Club sat down to the regular monthly dinner in the parlors of the First church, in this city, last Monday evening. Professor Kellogg presided, in the absence of Dr. McLean. The meetings of the Club, with their influence for Congregationalism, and important discussions of current topics, deserve a larger attendance of the lay members of our churches. The ministers are always on hand, but the interests of the Club should be quite as dear to the laymen.

"Modern Spiritism" was the theme of the evening, presented by Rev. Joseph Rowell. Its insignificant beginning, with two or three young women who, half in fun, declared that the spirits of the dead spoke with them; its rapid and wide-spread acceptance; the vast number of its adherents of all classes of minds, including those who, on other subjects, were accounted wise and safe judges; the number of its publications; the amount of money supporting it; the great number of professionals in every city who make a livelihood in its practice—were the points that were opened with. The doctrine of spiritism was declared to be the belief that the spirits of the dead had intercourse with the living, and have an influence in shaping human affairs. It was admitted that a vast number of the phenomena asserted by spiritists in behalf of their claims are undeniable. They are mysterious, and contrary to known natural law; but they are facts that must be accounted for. That most of these facts could be accounted for by other causes, such as human magnetism and the power of a strong will over other minds, was shown, and the case of Sothorn, the actor, was cited, who did all the tricks and produced all the phenomena of the spiritualists, and yet who declared that spirits had nothing to do with it, and that every medium was either a fraud or an idiot.

Several strong points were made against its claims. In the first place, it was no advance or outgrowth of Christianity, but a revival of some of the well-known forms of heathenism. There was also a vast amount of known fraud about it. Darkness and concealment are its accompaniments. The presence of some known skeptic prevents a manifestation. It was very suspicious that communications were made through mediums only, and not to the near relatives of the dead. In all its history, too, not one fact of importance had been added to the sum of human knowledge; on the other hand, those who were princes in the realm of

science and letters knew much less than when on earth, according to their professed communications. Franklin knows less about electricity, and Lord Byron writes doggerel, instead of poetry. The morality of spiritualism was considered. It was low—far below that of the Bible—and savored more of hell than of heaven. Their doctrines are just what the sinful heart desires to believe.

Mr. J. S. Bacon also read a thoughtful paper on the subject, presenting the various problems of spiritualism, and urging that it must be met and its claims investigated in a scientific spirit.

Dr. Warren reported an interview with one of the best authorities on spiritualism in the city, and gave very fully the doctrines held. Others indulged in the debate, and in relating tales of the marvelous that they had experienced, when the departure of the Oakland members caused an adjournment.

The General Association.

SUGGESTIONS.

All come. Come at the beginning, and, if possible, stay through to the close. Remember that the devotional meeting, at 2 p. m., on Tuesday, is the most important meeting of the whole session. In order to reach the church in season for this meeting it is necessary to leave San Francisco by the 1 o'clock boat, or Oakland at five minutes past one by horse-car. In the middle of the day there are hourly trains from Oakland pier; morning and evening trains run every half-hour. Persons leaving San Francisco at 2 o'clock will arrive in Berkeley too late for the organization. On reaching Berkeley leave the train at Dwight Way Station, and go towards the foothills. Leave the dummy just opposite the church. Delegates should remember that Berkeley is a country town, with no horse-cars, and the houses wide asunder; hence the necessity on the part of some for long, and in some cases, dusty walks. A goodly number of guests can be entertained near the church. If any delegates are unable to walk half a mile, and will inform the committee at once, an effort will be made to accommodate them nearer. It may be necessary to ask some of the delegates to go into Oakland to spend the night. The time between Oakland and Berkeley is three-quarters of an hour; between San Francisco and Berkeley, one hour. The Association will adjourn on Friday, at 2:30 p. m., in season for delegates to take the outgoing trains from San Francisco. Come to the Association from your closets, and may the Holy Spirit come with you.

General Association Programme.

TUESDAY, OCTOBER 6TH.

2 p. m.—Devotional meeting, conducted by Rev. W. C. Pond.
2:30—Organization, report of Provisional Committee, appointments, report of standing committees, report of delegates to corresponding bodies.
3:30—Report of Committee on Narrative and Statistics, followed by three-minute reports from the churches.
4:55—Report of Nominating Committee.
5:00—Adjournment.
7:30—Annual sermon, by Rev. A. J. Wells of Los Angeles.

WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 7TH.

9:00—Devotional meeting.
9:30—Business deferred from last year.
10:00—Discussion, "Temperance Work in the Churches," introduced by report of Standing Committee.
11:00—Paper, "Liberalism in the Use of Property for Benevolent Purposes," Rev. J. C. Holbrook, D.D.
12:00—Adjournment.

WEDNESDAY AFTERNOON.

2:00—Hopkins Academy.
2:30—Pacific Theological Seminary.
3:30—Three-minute reports from the churches.
5:00—Adjournment.
7:30—Anniversary of the California Home Missionary Society.

THURSDAY, OCTOBER 8TH.

9:00—Devotional meeting.
9:30—Congregational Associates.
10:00—Report of Committee on the Use of Church Creeds in the Admission of Members; discussion.
11:00—THE PACIFIC.
11:30—Business meeting of the California Home Missionary Society.
12:00—Adjournment.
N. B.—At 9:30 there will be a meeting of the Woman's Board of the Pacific in the Presbyterian church, for the reports from delegates.

THURSDAY AFTERNOON.

2:00—Report of the Permanent Committee on Sunday-schools; discussion.
3:00—Paper, "Child-nurture in the Church," Rev. T. K. Noble.
4:00—Paper, "The Young Men and the Churches," Rev. N. W. Lane.
5:00—Adjournment.
7:30—Anniversary of the Woman's Board.

FRIDAY, OCTOBER 9TH.

9:00—Devotional meeting.
9:30—Report of Committee on District Associations.
10:00—Paper, "How can the Members of Our Churches Promote a Better Observance of the Christian Sabbath?" Rev. Mahlon Willett.
11:00—Unfinished business.
12:00—Adjournment.

FRIDAY AFTERNOON.

1:30—Fellowship meeting, followed by the Lord's Supper.
2:30—Adjournment.
For the Provisional Committee, CHAS. A. SAYAGE, Chairman. Berkeley, September 28, 1885.

The Head Mastership of Harrow is the most lucrative post in the pedagogical profession in England. Dr. Butler has just left the school with a fortune of \$500,000.

A Vacation Experience in China.

DEAR EDITORS OF PACIFIC: It is the month of June, and the sun at noonday stands in the zenith, in the southeastern part of the "Land of Shinn." Missionaries and the merchants of the East are beginning to devise plans where they will spend the summer months. Many are worn out by the incessant toil of the year past, and long for a little respite to regain their wonted vigor. But whither shall they fly from this tropical sun? Our rich merchants and governor usually answer the question by going to Japan, while others build themselves fine residences on the very summit of Victoria Peak, on the island of Hongkong, where the atmosphere is at least ten degrees cooler than in the city below. But such a privilege is seldom granted to the missionary. If he can leave his work at all, it is only for a few weeks, and many of them remain at their posts until health gives out, and the doctor's imperative command bids them seek rest and a change of air. And so it is that some go here and some there, not exactly where the best places of health are to be found, but where, with their limited means, they can enjoy a few days of quiet and respite.

We also propose to take a vacation, but it is a working one—in exploring regions never visited before by us. Gladly would we visit some of our brother missionaries in China and in Japan, but the time fails us; and, while we can, we must toil with heart and with brain. Our party is to consist of seven persons—one American, one German and five Chinese. We have invited a German colporteur of the British and Foreign Bible Society to accompany us. He is unable to speak English, so that our little knowledge of the Teutonic tongue is constantly brought into use; but the muses are undoubtedly often shocked to hear how the German language is murdered. Still, we have been murdering the Chinese tongue for such a long time that we see but little irrelevance in murdering one more tongue. What matters it, even if we are not always so elegant in our expressions as the German university graduate?

We are all ready. Six thousand books and tracts are stowed away in our traveling baskets, while our bedding and private effects are all securely packed. "Take as little as possible" is the plan upon which we proceed in choosing our traveling outfit. One blanket, one Chinese mat and one mosquito curtain constitute our bedding. The latter is very essential to our comfort in this land where the mosquito abounds. In one case is also a little box of medicines, for we hope to combine doctoring with preaching and selling books. We have only a few kinds of medicine, as most of the Chinese ills are sore eyes, ulcers and rheumatism. A few opium pills are also taken. The Chinese have so many ulcers that plasters are very important. Their own manner of treating wounds and boils is simply shocking. Instead of keeping the wound clean and bandaged, they leave it generally exposed to the air, and cover it with some sort of a black salve, or what looks more like tar.

Everything is in order, and we ascend our Chinese boat. Happily for us, "we are seven," and one cabin for us all. We presume it would not be called that in the Queen's English, nor in the Chinese, for they call it a bed; but what shall we call it but our royal Chinese cabin, where we eat, drink and sleep, reclining or sitting very much in the same position all the time, for the length fits just our height, and the width gives us sufficient room to lay our seven bodies side by side. The height does not admit of our growing any more, for it is not four feet by measurement. Here we spread our mats, and sit and recline in Chinese fashion, not so much because we prefer it, but because there is no help for it. It is Thursday morning, and we should set sail by noon; but the dial turns to the hour of 4 p. m. ere our craft begins to move, that has been taking in her cargo during the beating rain. Other passengers find themselves on board, but we are alone. Patience is a little tried at the delay, but we talk and read German and Chinese, so that we forget our surroundings. We are at least free from the smell of opium in our cabin, though the partition is not quite thick enough to keep it from coming from the adjoining room. Still, it is a comfort that we must not inhale the sickly odor in its strongest form. "Are there any opium-smokers here?" is our first thought and question as we board a Chinese boat or enter one of their inns; but alas! how seldom it is that we can escape its nauseous fumes on sea and land, on street and pavement, on ships and boats! In inns and stores, everywhere, is this drug smoked, where there is room enough to lay a mat. From morning until night, and more often from night till morning, are the victims of this accursed habit seen smoking. Sometimes they fall asleep over their spirit lamps, until their burning clothes arouse them to a sense of their danger. Many a poor, deluded victim of this drug has burned his arms and hands. How do they appear? Like ghosts clothed in human form. Their hollow skin and sunken eyes have an unearthly appearance, and, with their lean bodies, they are more a picture of death than of life. Have the sorrows of the drunkard been written? Who has written the woes of the opium-smoker? Is intemperance sapping the life-blood of civilized nations, opium is destroying the people of China. She drinks the opiate that impoverishes her, and robs her of her vigor, strength and power. Look at that hungry, lean man. He has had no breakfast this morning because he smoked up his last cash during last night's debauch. How shall he get food sufficient to sustain him? By stealing, borrowing and begging wherever he can. The clothes upon his back he dreads to come in contact with him lest he should be robbed. True, the gentry smoke, and

many a graduate of the first degree regales himself with his daily allowance, which is more or less just in proportion to the power that the habit has already upon the smoker. The poor man must content himself with little, yet even that little robs him of his life, for it takes the food out of his mouth. Is America today fighting the demon of intemperance? Are her valiant men and women in the front to choke the monster that has ruined so many homes? The same power, the same force, is needed here to throttle this other monster of opium. Ah! do you say it is not so gigantic as intemperance? Perhaps its effects are not so visible as those of the wine cup, but there is a serpent in the drug, there is a sting in the fumes of the smoke, and that sting is the sting of death. There is only one cure for both, and that is the gospel of Jesus Christ in the heart. What a mighty conflict China will yet pass through ere she rid herself of this curse! It will not be done when England no longer imports her opium from India, for it is said that China already produces six times as much of the drug as is imported. Fearful is the statement, if true, and yet such was the fact stated a few days ago in one of the daily papers of Hongkong, in its leading editorial. O sons of Shem, darkness is thy habitation, and tears—bitter tears—shall be thy drink in years to come, till thou hast rid thyself of this blighting curse! Mr. Editor, excuse the apostrophe, but we have seen so much of the effects of this curse that we could not refrain from speaking out. How many times in our journeyings have we been detained and hindered in order that our carriers might satisfy their gnawing appetite; and, when remonstrating with our assistant for employing such men, he replied: "The carriers all smoke here." The principle of employing only those who are not addicted to the habit cannot be carried out, since the majority of such coolies smoke. Their temptation to use the drug is perhaps greater than others, for they live together in companies of six or ten, and much of the time they have little or no work to do; and since they cannot read, or because they have no books (for it may be said that the Chinese common people read very little), they give themselves up to gambling and opium-smoking. Again, how often have these poor wretches come to us and inquired whether we had anything to free them from their appetite! "Yes," we replied, "here is a book. If you believe in its truth, it will help you to overcome your habit." "What book is that?" "It is Jesus' book." "How can that help me to cut loose from the use of opium?" they ask, for they have heard that the doctrines of Jesus are the foreigner's religion, and contrary to their much-honored and revered classics. "If you truly believe in Jesus Christ as your Saviour, he will help you to overcome." "But have you no medicines to give us? We will pay you for the same." "Yes, we have; but are you really in earnest to break off this habit?" "Certainly," they reply, affecting a wounded air that we should ask such a question. "Very well; if you are determined, then throw away your opium pipe with all the necessary instruments that belong to the use of it. Ask a friend to shut you up in a private room and not let you have any opium for two or three weeks. When you feel your appetite upon you, then take something strong to cause you to forget your pains. Here are also some pills that will answer the same purpose. It matters not so much what you take as that you leave the opium alone for three or four weeks. Are you ready to come to terms with our conditions?" The men look crestfallen. They find that the cure requires too much sacrifice, and so turn away, still joined unto their idols. It is the same story of conquering sin. It cannot be done but by subduing self and submitting these lower natures to the higher and moral law of love. Hard it is to the flesh—yes, an impossibility; but the omnipotence of Christ to aid such weak human nature is all-sufficient. How we pity these opium-smokers! And yet they seem to be bound with a chain as firmly as intemperance ever wove about the drunkard. Many seek to come into the Church of Christ, but are refused because they smoke opium. Many overcome for a little while, and then go back to it again. Oh, it is an awful habit, and woe the day that America's sons and daughters commence the use of this narcotic! And yet many of them, according to official statement, are already imitating the heathen Chinese. God have mercy upon all such, for they are already within the coils of the serpent that will destroy them! But is there no hope for China that she shall rid herself of this curse? None except the gospel of Christ. We might say that there is a universal feeling that it is wrong to smoke opium. No man will defend the use of the drug. We have never heard the claim that it was right to smoke opium, either from the lips of the Chinese graduate or the common coolie. All admit that it is wrong, and do not defend it by words. Persons who do not use it are incensed at those of their relatives who thus degrade themselves to become opium-smokers, as the following report of Rev. W. Riddle, M. B. C. M. of the English Presbyterian Mission at Swatow, will fully attest. He says: "Once I was asked to go and see a man about three miles from Ng-Kang-phu, who had been stabbed by his brother. There was a large wound in his left side, about seven inches long, quite through the thoracic wall, into the pleural cavity. The lung was also wounded, and air escaping from it with a loud, puffing noise. It was thought best to sew up the wound, but not entirely, an opening being left for a draining tube. We had too little hope of his recovery to recommend removal to the hospital, but the assistant was sent several times to attend him. He died after seven days. It was found, on inquiry, that the man was an opium-smoker. He lived in the same house with his parents and a brother, and

of late had been given to stealing things out of the house and selling them to buy opium. This at length so enraged his brother that he threatened to kill him. But it was not done in a fit of anger. With full knowledge of what was going to be done, the two brothers sat down and enjoyed a hearty meal before the fatal duel. To the question what, according to Chinese law, should be done with the assailant, the answer was, "Nothing. He is his own brother." We afterwards learned that the relatives were afraid, after some days, that he was really going to recover, and they tore off the bandages and cruelly annoyed him, asking, indignantly, "Why don't you go and die?" Then adds the Doctor: "Such is the heathenism, and such are some of the fruits of opium-smoking." The above incident is only one of the many that might be told illustrating the bitter feeling against opium smoking. True, it is more often manifested among the lower classes, where it affects the purse of the Chinese. Among the upper classes the feeling may not be so bitter; still it often causes great anxiety to food parents to see their sons wasting away by the use of opium. Our sympathies have gone out to the children and family of the opium-smoker, for we know that the rice the little ones needed to sustain their bodies often went for the ounce of opium, and that the father, instead of laboring and toiling, was reclining on his mat, and smoking opium over the spirit lamp. Some of these men have sometimes come to our assistants to borrow money, in order to buy this or that, but which was in all probability meant to be used in buying opium. The inveterate opium-smoker is despised, and we need not feel surprised that he is often secretly despised. The lamentations of the civilized world have often been pronounced over the grave of the drunkard, but no tears are shed over the tomb of the opium-smoker. Heaven pity the fate of all addicted to this habit, and may Jesus Christ have mercy upon their souls! God hasten the day when idolatrous shrines shall be changed into altars for the Lord, and when throughout this broad land the smell of opium shall no longer putrefy the air and curse mankind!

Yours truly,
O. R. HAGER.
(To be continued.)

Installation at Alameda.

The Congregational church at Alameda, now six years old, has fifty members. It has had in its pulpit faithful men, whose labors have been abundant, and who will not be forgotten by those to whom they ministered; but now, for the first time, a regular pastoral relation exists, the bonds of this union having been sealed on Tuesday, the 22d inst., in the presence of a council, representing all the Congregational churches of San Francisco, Oakland and Berkeley, with the following brethren personally invited: Rev. Drs. Benton, Stone, Dwinell and Warren, and Revs. Messrs. Morris and Jewett.

The new pastor is William W. Scudder, Jr., bearing a name honored in the churches by several members of his family in three generations, among them his uncle, Rev. Dr. Scudder, late of San Francisco.

The Council was officiated by Rev. T. K. Noble, Moderator, and Rev. H. E. Jewett, Scribe. The call of the church to Mr. Scudder, and his reply accepting the call were read. Certificates showing his church membership, his approbation to preach and his honorable completion of a three years' course in Hartford Theological Seminary were presented. Mr. Scudder then gave an account of his religious experience, his early entrance into the Church of Christ, his desire for work in a foreign land, where his childhood was passed in the missionary atmosphere of his own home, and his final acceptance of the call to Alameda. Preliminary to his examination in matters of Christian doctrine, he read, as expressing his own belief, the revised declaration of faith issued by a minority of the Committee of the National Council. After a lengthy examination the Council voted to be by itself, when it was further voted unanimously that the examination be regarded satisfactory, and that the action of the church had been found regular, and that the Council advise the ordination and installation of the candidate. Revs. Geo. Moor, Herbert Macy and Brother W. M. Seabury were appointed a committee to confer with Mr. Scudder and arrange for the evening services. In accordance with their recommendation, the following programme was carried out in the evening in the presence of a good congregation. Invocation, by Rev. Geo. Morris; Scripture lesson, by Rev. H. Macy; prayer of ordination, by Rev. J. H. Warren, D.D.; right hand of fellowship, by Rev. J. K. McLean, D.D.; charge to pastor, by Rev. W. C. Pond; charge to people, by Rev. E. G. Beckwith, D.D.; welcome from church, James E. Ager; benediction, by pastor. The music was finely rendered, the church was beautifully decorated with flowers, and everything betokened the joy and gladness of the people in the coming of this new pastor. An exceedingly pleasant feature of the day was the bounteous collation spread by the ladies of the congregation in Tucker's Hall. They showed themselves hospitable, and their good cheer helped to make the day pleasantly remembered by all their guests.

Prussia, with over 27,000,000 inhabitants, has about 4,340,000 children attending elementary schools, and nearly 10,000 students in seminaries for the preparation of teachers, besides over 127,000 in gymnasium and kindred schools in 1882. During the summer of 1883 there were more than 12,500 students in universities.

The Turcomans are said to have carried off from Persia during the last forty years 200,000 captives to supply the demand for slaves.

Religious Intelligence.

Pacific Coast.

The General Association of California will hold its regular annual meeting with the Congregational Church, Berkeley, on Tuesday, October 6th, 2:00 p. m. The annual sermon will be preached by the Rev. A. J. Wells of Los Angeles. Each Congregational church in California and Nevada is entitled to two delegates, and one additional delegate for each fifty members in excess of one hundred.

J. H. WARREN, Registrar.
San Francisco, September 9, 1885.
The adjourned annual meeting of The Publishing Company of The Pacific will be held in San Francisco, at No. 7 Montgomery avenue, on Thursday, October 1st, at 3:30 p. m.

JOHN KIMBALL, Secretary.
The regular monthly meeting of the Congregational Association will be held at No. 7 Montgomery avenue on Friday, October 2d, at 3:30 p. m.

J. E. AGER, Secretary.
At the last meeting of the Monday Club, Rev. W. H. Cooke presented a very interesting paper on "Church Members and Sunday-schools."

Dr. Whitney of Foo Chow, China, on his way back to his field of labor, was at the Club and briefly addressed it. Among other visitors present were Revs. H. H. Wikoff of Sonoma, E. O. Tade of Antioch, and W. N. Meserve, recently returned to California.

Rev. Joseph Rowell, Seaman's Chaplain, presented the interests of the Port Society before the First Congregational church in this city Sabbath morning. His address was very interesting and very well received, including a large collection, we hope.

"Misfortunes of Life" was the theme of Pastor Noble's discourse at Plymouth church.

The thirteenth anniversary of the Bethany Sunday-school was held last Sabbath. The pastor, Rev. W. C. Pond, preached an appropriate sermon on the words, "Gather the Children."

Interesting services were held at the Third church. The morning sermon on "Naaman" has been highly spoken of. At night Rev. Dr. Beck with discoursed on the question, "Is it Nothing to You?"

The Olivet church has had but a year of organic church life. It is the youngest and smallest star in the constellation of Congregational churches that shine in the church firmament of San Francisco, and yet seventeen have been baptized and eight have been received by letter during the last Association year, and more are expected to be received into membership next Sunday morning by baptism and experience. The audience-room is well filled with scholars at the Sabbath-school, congregations have increased, and important church workers that were estranged have returned to the congregation. The house needs repairs and enlargement, yet Olivet is too young and too poor to furnish the means. Should it not and can it not depend on sister churches of the same faith for aid? The pastor's text Sunday morning was "Felix trembled." His subject at night, "The Family of God."

Temperance Sunday was observed by the people of Woodland, September 27th. In nearly all the churches temperance was the theme for Sunday evening. Rev. S. D. Belt of the Congregational church preached in the morning from the text II Peter iii: 18. In the evening he lectured on temperance to a good congregation; this service was preceded by a praise service, led by the young folk's choir. The Sunday-school, instead of the usual quarterly review, had a very interesting temperance programme, as suggested by the W. C. T. U.

There was a mass temperance meeting Sabbath evening in the First church, Oakland. The house was crowded, and the collection was divided between the W. C. T. U. and the orphans. This was in connection with the centennial temperance services so generally held in the churches. Professor Moor also preached a temperance sermon in observance of the same services at Plymouth-avenue church.

Friday evening, September 18th, the "Church-bell Society" of Soquel gave an entertainment and raised \$87 towards a bell; this added to \$36 on hand makes \$123. Much credit is due Mrs. John Mathews for the successful management of the Society. We hope to soon have a bell.

A sermon preached in Auburn by the Rev. W. B. Winn, on entering upon his third year's work in that important field, is given almost entire in the *Placer Herald*, published in that town. It is a good, practical sermon upon the words "Walk worthy of the Lord unto all pleasing."

"Behold an Israelite, indeed, in Whom there is No Guile" was the subject of discourse by Rev. C. A. Savage at Berkeley. His evening theme was "The Disease and Cure of Naaman."

Professor E. O. Tade spent last Sabbath with Park church, Berkeley, preaching upon "Following Peace with All Men" in the morning, and on the words "Ye Must be Born Again," in the evening.

Rev. Dr. Holbrook preached at San Lorenzo on "Taking Christ's Yoke and Finding Peace." Two candidates were examined for admission to the church, and accepted. Work has been commenced on the new parsonage.

There were good services in Crockett and Port Costa last Sabbath. In the evening the first infant baptism in the Crockett church took place.

Excellent reports come from Saratoga. Two rooms have been added to the church building. Four persons were received at the last communion, and there have been twelve additions since the beginning of this year.

Rev. W. H. Furman, who did excellent work at Petaluma some few years ago, but who was obliged to leave on account of his health, and spent awhile in the Sandwich Islands, has accepted the call of the church in Stockton.

"All Things to All Men" was pastor Wikoff's theme in Sonoma Sabbath morning. At night he discoursed on the words, "Give an account of thy stewardship."

OTHER DENOMINATIONS.
PRESBYTERIAN.—The Santa Ana church has been dedicated.—Professor Alexander has resigned the pastorate of the Dixou church to attend more fully to his professorship.—There were thirteen accessions to the Calvary church at the last communion, and the religious interest is increasing.—Rev. Alexander Patterson preached recently for the Lebanon church, in this city.

CUMBERLAND PRESBYTERIAN.—There were three additions to the Shiloh church, near Bird's Landing, Solano county, at the last communion.

Obituary.

Deacon Phordice Boutwell of the First church in Los Angeles fell asleep September 11th, 1885. The story of his life is brief and simple. He was born in Stoddard, N. H., February 20, 1809, and was first cousin to Mr. Boutwell, Secretary of the Treasury during Mr. Lincoln's Administration. He early removed to Westport, N. Y., where he was united in marriage to Eliza Cole in 1837, and the young couple fixed their home in Hillsboro, Ill., where they tarried thirty-eight years. Here Mr. Boutwell united with the Congregational Church, just before the opening of the civil war, and for many years he was an officer in the church at that place. He came to this city in 1874, and at once made the cause of the little church on the hillside here his own, serving it in various capacities, until the erection of the new house of worship. In the latter work he was greatly interested, acting as Treasurer of the Building Committee, and giving largely of his means. In feeble health for several years, he went East some months ago, hoping to find relief at some famous springs, but returned in charge of a physician to die at his latest home. He suffered much, but passed into unconsciousness, and thence slipped away into the painless land. He was a good man, and loved and respected. Deeply attached to the Church, he was always in his place in all its services, and, though declining office as the church grew in numbers, he was always to all Deacon Boutwell. An instance of his sense of honor and of his interest in the Master's cause occurred at Hillsboro. In building the church there he became responsible, with two others, for the sum of \$3,000, the amount of indebtedness after all subscriptions were paid. In the vicissitudes of business the two friends failed, and Deacon Boutwell paid the claim.

Blessed the memory of the old man passing away to whom the Church was a "chief joy"! What precious associations were those which clustered around the homely old "meeting house" of their youth! And what rugged strength of character was developed in bearing the burdens and doing the work of the Church by the generation now passing on! Peacefully they fall asleep, and waking means heaven. We shall miss our old friend in the First church as we go in and out, but we cannot repine. For him "to die" was "gain." He leaves a wife and daughter here, a son in Kansas, and a daughter in St. Joseph, Mo.
A. J. WELLS.
Los Angeles, September 21, 1885.

Tacoma.

Sunday, September 20th, the First Church used as a temperance day. In the morning the pastor, Rev. E. C. Oakley, delivered a temperance address from the words "Resist the devil." The Sunday-school lesson was taken from Isaiah on the "Drunkards of Ephraim," and in the evening there was a temperance concert, consisting of songs by the Band of Hope, recitations, readings, and a few short addresses by the pastor and others. There were large congregations. The house was crowded at night. The ladies of this church have made some decided improvements in the lighting of the church. Preliminary steps have been taken for organizing a Ladies' Missionary Society, auxiliary to the W. B. M. F. The prospects are good for a thorough working society.

The East Tacoma Mission began on their chapel, September 22d. Rev. S. H. Oheade, the new pastor, is pushing matters in good shape. The chapel is to be a pretty little building, 26x32, and will cost about \$600.

The Scandinavian Congregational church, though few and poor, are getting all arrangements made to begin on their new chapel. They expect to have it finished in about a month.

W. C. T. U.

The 27th inst. was Children's Day, and was celebrated in the Grand Central Hall, 997 Market street, this city, at 4 p. m., by a crowded house. Every bench and chair and stool and ledge of platform was occupied, and the anteroom and hall door showed eager faces glad to be able even to look in. The meeting was under the auspices of the W. C. T. U. and I. O. G. T. The Bands of Hope of the city were well represented in the national programme, and their exercises well received. In addition, M. C. A. Tobey, District Superintendent of the Bands of Hope, gave a choice reading. Mrs. M. E. Richardson gave a short address in her usual style, full of argument, of feeling, and of hope, pleading for the children, her special care. Mrs. Mary G. Campbell read her promised centennial essay; subject, "Woman's Part in the Temperance Work." She began with the first com-

mission given from heaven to a woman a thousand years before Christ to lead in this work, and followed it down from this nameless leader, past Deborah and Frances E. Willard, to the nameless thousands who have well-nigh girt our globe with the white ribbon. Rev. E. D. Bushnell of San Jose participated in the programme, also. We invite the public to hear Rev. Robt. McKenzie on next Sunday, October 4th, in the same hall, at the same hour, and "still there's more to follow."

W. C. T. U. G. Com.

All the letters of our European correspondent "L." are very interesting, and we know are much enjoyed by our readers; but the letter this week, about the Panama Canal, with the account of an interview with the De Lesseps, we are sure will be read with very great interest. In this letter is a comparison made by Mr. Arthur B. Ross, a large ship owner in New York, between the Cape Horn and the Canal routes. The rates for freight around the Horn are right for two years ago, but for the present time they are certainly too high by a third. Whether the time by the Canal would be as short as here stated is doubted by some of our best shippers, and also if the rates of freight would be so much increased as here stated. The total profit for the year's voyages, here given at about \$40,000 by Cape Horn and \$56,000 by the canal, is not only estimated upon too high rates for freight, but also upon too low rates for port charges and the expenses of running the ship, including insurance. These would reduce the net profits more than one-half, we are told. We hope, with our correspondent, that the canal will be completed in the time stated, and we do not think he overestimates the advantages therefrom.

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Children's Department.

LITTLE PET.

My name is Little Pet,
And I am six years old;
Please listen to my story,
Which very soon is told.
I have a black Tom cat;
He keeps the rats away;
Two pretty little kittens,
Who do naught else but play;
I've a rooster and a hen,
Six cunning little chicks,
A goat which, if not fed,
Gets mad at me and kicks;
I've three pink-eyed rabbits
That always come at call,
So white, so tame, so gentle;
I love them best of all.
I have a crazy playhouse,
Which gives me lots of fun;
And playthings—oh, so many,
When my school work is done!
I have a little sister—
No baby—just like this;
She is too nice for anything,
And sweet enough to kiss. S. C. B.

"Ye Have Need of Patience."

"Unheard because our ears are dull
Unseen because our eyes are dim,
He walks the earth—the Wonderful—
And all good deeds are done in him."
—Whittier.

A long, bright, perfect day in June.
A day with a cloudless brow, and a face
radiant within its own blissfulness.
A day to which only the wild, jubilant notes
of the bobolink are a fitting prelude.
A day in which to breathe in life with every
breath, and with every breath to bless
the Giver.

"The day is golden to its close,"
thought Barbara Clifford, the district
school teacher, as she walked slowly to
her boarding-house. But the tone
was weary. She did not feel that this
had been a golden day. All through the
bright hours she had listened to the care-
less moving of books and slates, the dull,
tiresome buzz of children's voices, ir-
resistibly familiar. And now, the drooping
spirit was insensible to the magic of
nature's beauty.

"How pale and tired you look, Bar-
bara!" said the kind-hearted landlady,
"hadn't you better lie down and rest a
little before tea?"

"Perhaps I will," replied Barbara,
glad to get away to the quiet of her
own chamber. But her heart was too
restless for repose, and she knelt beside
the open window, leaning her head on her
clasped hands, and thought:

"Another day of this wearisome, use-
less life gone. How many will tell the
sum total, I wonder? I am twenty-four
years old. What have I given the
Maker for these years? I toil from sun
to sun, only to earn my bread; and what
is that life worth that is only spent to
prolong its own existence? I have no
talent to bless the world, no wealth to
aid it, no time ever to make my life
lovely and attractive. Oh, this crushing
sense of utter worthlessness! to feel that
one has the heart and soul but not the
brain of genius; its fire and passion with-
out its power. Only those who endure
it know how hard it is to force the hands
to perform their daily trivial labor when
the heart has refused to support them."
The brown head dropped lower, and
tears fell on the window-sill.

"Master, I have not been accounted
worthy to glean in the whitening fields,
but I have searched in the highways and
hedges, yet not so much as a flower can
I find to lay at thy nail-pierced feet."

The hopeless prayer was scarcely re-
corded, ere a sudden calm fell around
her, and soft and sweet as only His voice
can speak to the soul, was whispered,
"Ye have need of patience." Oh, what
a loving reminder of His promise! And
the penitent prayer that followed, brought
sweet peace, as only those know who
place their hopeless, helpless lives unques-
tionably in His hands.

Before she slept that night, she took
her writing desk and wrote:

"Dear Little Maggie: I am very
tired to-night, but I cannot sleep without
telling you how constantly I think of you.
How often I ask our loving Savior to
bless you and lead you. My little moth-
erless girl! We have both a mother on
the other side of that Jasper wall that we
read about. They are waiting for us to
come. Every day, I ask myself, 'Has
my little Maggie kept close to me to-day,
and have we walked together toward
heaven?' Read often the lessons we
learned in the Bible. I shall write you a
long letter when I am rested. Don't
forget that I love you and pray for you
always."
BARBARA CLIFFORD.

In the cottage across the field from
where Barbara boarded, a widow toiled
to support herself and two children. And
to-night as she bends over her sewing,
her face bears the marks of a sharper
anguish than toil or poverty can give.

Her little girl by her side sewing on a
garment much too heavy for her slender
hands, hums a pretty tune, and the look
of contentment on her childish face
strangely contrasts with the mother's.
Presently the widow lays down her
work.

"Connie, come here," and, clasping
her arms around the child, she asks:

"What makes my little girl so different
lately from what she used to be?"

A bright, eager look came over the
child's face.

"Am I really different, mother?"

"Very different; what causes it, my
dear?"

"Well, mother, you know how I love
Miss Clifford, and at school I try to get
my lessons to please her. But one day
I could not get my geography lesson; I
had tried and tried, but could not re-
member the place, and it was 'most time
for the class to be called. I didn't know
the teacher was 'round and I laid my
head down on the desk and was going to
cry, when Miss Clifford bent over me
and whispered, 'Try again, little one;
I'll give you an extra ten minutes. And
somehow after that I got the lesson right
off. And that night, after school, she
said, 'Connie, I'll walk with you a little

way'; and she told me that she had
noticed how penitent I was, and that I tried
so hard to get my lessons. I was so glad
she noticed it. Then she said, the Lord
Jesus noticed if we were patient and tried
to learn the lessons he gave us, and if
we tried and failed he would always give
us more time to learn them in; and she
asked me to love him and pray to him;
and I do, and I am so happy because I
am learning his lessons."

The mother held the child close to her
beating heart. She, too, had been learn-
ing his lessons, but it brought no peace
to the rebellious heart. But the crust of
stubborn unbelief was breaking up. The
long sealed fountain flowed at last. The
patient, earnest effort of the Christian
teacher had led the little lamb to its
Shepherd, and now the mother followed.
And that night she committed herself
and her two orphaned children to Him
who is able to keep them till his appear-
ing.

"O mother, I shall have such a long
night, to-night, I know! and the sick
boy moaned wearily, and tried to turn
his weak and shrunken little body in his
bed.

"A long night when He will watch
with you?" said a sweet voice.

"O Miss Clifford, is it you? You mean
the Savior, don't you?"

"Yes, Jamie," and laying her hand
softly on the brow, that was so near to
wear its crown, she told of that terrible
night when his dearest disciples would
not watch with him one hour, and how,
since then, he had never refused to watch
with his children through the longest, darkest
hours.

"You are very near the kingdom,
Jamie; you will be patient to the end?"

The large, wistful eyes met hers, filled
with the light that is not of this world.

The gates of pearl were swinging back.
"I will be faithful unto death," he
said, slowly, and Barbara left him; but
the invisible Presence sat by his bedside.
He was not alone, the Lord would watch
with him "amid the shadow of earth's
'little while.'"

Let us follow Barbara's letter.

In the attic chamber of a dismal-look-
ing house, a black-haired, black-eyed
girl stands; her bare arms, ridged with
red marks left by the lash of a whip.
Not a trace of tears on her face, dark
with a passion, terrible in one so young.
The Spanish eyes glittered, and from the
set teeth is hissed:

"The old Satan! if she dares to lick
me again, I'll kill her!"

The door opens from below. "Here's
a letter for you, Mag," and Barbara's
letter is thrown to the top of the stairs.
The child grasps it ere it scarce touches
the floor. Only one person in the wide
world would write to her. The gleam
has faded from the black eyes, and as
she reads, they grow soft and velvety as
the heart of a pansy.

She trembles as she reads the last
words, then falls upon the floor, and sobs
shake the childish form. Then she
creeps to a small, darkened closet, and,
with tears dropping upon the hands
clasped over Barbara's letter, prays:

"Lord Jesus, make me just like her.
I will try hard to be good, show me how.
I'm awful wicked, but she loves me, so
please forgive me."

Weeks afterwards, as Barbara walked
home, after a weary, trying day at school,
she stopped at the post-office and received
a letter, whose wretched superscription
could belong to none but Maggie. It read:

"Dear Teacher: I'm trying real hard
to read. I'm not good, but I'm trying.
I'm ever so much better than I used to be.
I've learned all the verses you
marked in my Bible you gave me, and
say them every day, and pray some days
lots of times. I read your letters to Mrs.
Harding, and once when you spoke of
your little sister dying, I see her crying
a little. She had a little boy once. I
guess she is trying to be good. She
don't lick me now. I pray for her every
day. Please write awful often, or I'm
afraid I'll get wicked. I love you forever
and ever."
MAGGIE.

"Dear, brave little soul," said Bar-
bara, with trembling lips. And she lifted
a prayer of gratitude that the wind had
been tempered to this shorn lamb.

But she did not know that it was her
long labor and patient tenderness that had
won this strange, passionate child to walk
in her teacher's footsteps. She did not
know that the childish heart that had
not yet learned "Jesus' sake" plead,
"She loves me, please forgive."
Her's was not the loud-toned ministry.
Only a gentle taking of the hand, and
leading to that gate, that has no crooked
paths. Just a tender telling of that old,
old story, all the more precious, because
done unto "the least of these."

Sowing beside the waters, going
forth weeping, bearing the seed of eternal
blessedness. Barbara Clifford walked
life's lowly ways. And though she saw
him not, beside her walked the gleaming
Angel, and gathered the priceless sheaves
she sowed.

And in that day, when earth's jewels
are set in heaven's diadem, He who
counts the heart's sacrifice shall judge if
the patient life was worthless.—*Maine Farmer.*

Special delivery letters, which will
come into vogue on October 1st, can be
sent from any postoffice in the United
States, but will only be delivered in
cities having a free delivery system, or
which had a population of over 4,000 at
the last Federal census. In the free-
delivery cities, letters will be delivered
to any part from 7 A. M. to 12 o'clock
midnight. In those which have no free-
delivery system, but had a population of
over 4,000 at the last Federal census,
such delivery will only be made within
one mile of the postoffice. The cities in
California entitled to either distinction
are Alameda, Los Angeles, Marysville,
Nevada City, Oakland, Sacramento,
San Francisco, San Jose, Stockton and
Vallejo.—*The Bee.*

Perfect Faith.

A story is told of a street boy in Lon-
don who had both his legs broken by a
dray passing over them. He was laid
away in one of the hospitals to die, and
another little creature of the same class
was laid near by, picked up sick with
famine fever. The latter was allowed to
lie down by the side of the little crushed
boy. He crept up to him and said:

"Bobby, did you never hear about
Jesus?"

"No, I never heard of him."
"Bobby, I went to mission school
once, and they told us that Jesus would
take you to heaven when you die, and
you'd never hunger any more, and no
more pain, if you axed him."

"I couldn't ask such a big gentleman
as He is to do anything for me. He
wouldn't even stop to speak to a boy like
me."

"But he'll do all that if you ax him."

"How can I ax him if I don't know
where he lives, and how can I get there
when both my legs are broke?"

"Bobby, they told me at mission
school as how Jesus passes by. Teacher
says as how Jesus passes by. How do you
know but what he might come around to
this hospital this very night? You'd
know him if you was to see him."

"But I can't keep my eyes open.
My legs feel so awful bad. Doctor says
I'll die."

"Bobby hold up your hand, and he'll
know what you want when he passes by."

They got the hand up. It dropped.
Tried again. It slowly fell back. Three
times he got up the little hand, only to
let it fall. Biting into tears, he said:

"I give it up."

"Bobby, lend me your hand; put your
elbow on my pillar; I can do without it."

So one hand was propped up. And
when they came in the morning, the boy
lay dead, his hand still held up for Jesus.
You may search the world and you cannot
find a grander illustration of simple
trust than that of the little boy who had
been to mission school but once.—*Select.*

A Plucky Boy.

The famous electrician, Thomas A.
Edison, like many another genius, began
life as a poor boy. At twelve he was
selling peanuts and papers on the Grand
Trunk Railroad, and using his odd min-
utes to study chemistry. He turned an
old baggage car into a laboratory, and,
for fear that somebody would touch his
chemicals, he labeled every bottle "Poi-
son."

He picked up a little knowledge of
printing and of telegraphy, and when
about sixteen saved the life of a little
child, by snatching him from the track
before a swiftly coming train. In grate-
tude for the heroic act the child's father
offered to teach young Edison the art of
telegraphy; but all the time he was try-
ing experiments, with chemicals, some-
times resulting in accidents which cost
him his place.

But he kept on working until he in-
vented the system of telegraphy whereby
four messages can be sent at once over
the same wire. This was quickly followed
by the phonograph, the telephone, the
electric light, and various other inven-
tions. He was described by the United
States Patent Commissioner as "the
young man who kept the pathway to the
Patent Office hot with his footsteps."

A Word of Advice.

Why are girls so injudicious in their
toleration of dissipated young men? It
is very often the case that a thoroughly
good girl will deliberately marry a man
who makes no secret of his bad habits.
What can she expect but misery to en-
sue? A life-partnership should not be
entered into without at least as much
caution as men display in making busi-
ness combinations for limited periods.
No man selects his business partner from
among men who drink much liquor or
have other bad habits. As for mere
manners and the ability to make one's
self agreeable, they have not of them-
selves influence enough among men to se-
cure a dollar's worth of credit, or to jus-
tify any one in believing their possessor on
oath. A girl who is not old enough or
shrewd enough to have learned what are
the standards by which men are tested
would be far surer of a happy life if she
were to let her parents select a husband
in the prosaic manner imaginable than if
she were to make her own selection in the
manner peculiar to girls. A life-partnership
is not easily dissolved.—*Home Com-
panion.*

"Hate Evil."

Dr. Arnold of Rugby, that great and
good lover of boys, used to say, "Com-
mend me to boys who love God and hate
the devil."

The devil is the boy's worst enemy.
He keeps a sharp lookout for the boys.
He knows that if he can get them he
shall have the men. And so he lies in
wait for them. There is nothing too
mean for him to do that he may win
them.

And then, when he gets them into
trouble, he always sneaks away and
leaves them! Not a bit of help or com-
fort does he give them.

"What did you do it for?" he whis-
pers. "You might have known better!"

Now, the boy who has found out who
and what the devil is ought to hate him.
It's his duty. He cannot afford not to
hate this enemy of all that is good and
true with his whole heart.

Hate the devil and fight him, boys;
but be sure and use the Lord's weapons!

There is no harm in being stupid so
long as a man does not think himself
clever; no good in being clever if a man
thinks himself so, for that is a short way
to the worst stupidity. If you think
yourself clever set yourself to do some-
thing; then you will have a chance of
humiliation.—*Mary Marston.*

The Lord's Money

Here is something for the boys and
girls to think about when they put money
in the contribution-box.

"Bertie, Bertie, isn't this a shame?"
cried little Casper Hall as he held up a
silver quarter for his older brother Jim
to look at.

It was a bright quarter, and at first
sight there was nothing the matter with
it, but closer inspection showed that it
had been bored, and the hole had after-
wards been carefully filled up.

They wouldn't take it where I bought
my slate," said Casper, ruefully; "and
then I tried to pass it at the candy-shop,
and the lady shook her head, and when
I offered it to the conductor of the car he
was quite cross, and asked me if I did
not know how to read. When I said,
'Yes, of course I do,' he pointed to a no-
tice in big letters: 'No mutilated coin re-
ceived here.' What shall I do with it?"

finished the little fellow with a sigh.

"You have no idea who gave it to you,
have you Casper?" said Bertie.

"Not the least. It is a part of the
change I had from Uncle John's Christ-
mas gift to me."

"Well, you must be sharper the next
time. Now if I were you, I would put
it into the missionary-box. The society
will work it off somehow."

"But I don't want to put a whole
quarter in the box."

"It is not a whole quarter, Casper; it's
a quarter that's had a hole in it. No-
body'll take it from you. You may just
as well get rid of it in that way as any
other."

Bertie and Casper Hall were in their
father's library when this conversation
took place. They thought themselves
alone. But, just on the other side of a
curtain which divided the room from the
parlor their little cousin Ethel was sit-
ting. As Casper moved towards the
mantel where the family missionary-box
stood in plain sight, Ethel drew the cur-
tain aside and spoke to him.

"Boys," she said, "I did not mean to
listen, but I could not help overhearing
you, and Casper, dear, do not drop that
quarter into the box, please."

"Why not, Ethel?"

"The Lord's money goes into that
box."

Bertie looked up from his Latin gram-
mar to meet the glowing face of the little
girl. Her eyes were shining and her lip
quivered a little, but she spoke gravely.
"It was the lamb without blemish, don't
you know, that the Hebrews were to of-
fer to the Lord? If you saw Jesus here
in this room you wouldn't like to say, 'I
give this to Thee, because nobody else
will have it.' It was gold, frankincense
and myrrh the wise men offered the in-
fant Jesus."

The boys drew nearer Ethel. She
went on: "It isn't much we can give to
Him who gave Himself to us, but I be-
lieve we ought to give Him our best,
and what costs us something. Excuse
me, but it seems mean to drop a battered
coin into God's treasury, just to get it
out of sight."

Casper and Bertie agreed with Ethel.
They were about to do wrong for want of
thought. Are there no older people who
should remember that the Lord's money
ought to be perfect, and of our best?

Sam Jones on Whisky.

We do not wonder that Parsen Sam
Jones is getting famous. He is eloquent
and epigrammatic and earnest and wise,
though his English is more colloquial
than elegant. As a specimen, we give
what he had to say at Atlanta about
whisky:

"The liquor traffic ought to be made
so odious that nobody but an infernal
scoundrel will sell it, and nobody but an
infernal fool will drink it. Separate these
liquor-dealers from their liquor, and they
will be all right. The church that will
house a man that sells whisky is a detest-
able fraud. The church that will house
a man who rents a house to sell liquor is
a hateful hypocrite. Some of these
churches here in Atlanta are doing just
that thing. If there is a man or woman
in this vast audience who never had a
relative or loved one hurt or ruined by
whisky, I want him or her to stand up
right now. You have all had a brother,
or a son, or a father, or a son-in-law ru-
ined by whisky. My goodness! these sons-
in-law! I'd rather have a boa-constrictor
around my neck than to have a drunken
son-in-law. The devil can do any
worse than that. Some of you old hypo-
crites that are dilly-dallying with the
whisky question are going to get caught
just that way. The devil is going to slip
up on you with a drunken son-in-law,
and I'll bet he will make you a Prohi-
bitionist with a vengeance. I look
around your city and see the bar-rooms
as thick as the stars in the heavens.
Each one of the three hundred bars in
Atlanta represents, at least, ten confirm-
ed drunkards. Three thousand men in
Atlanta, across the line, are gone to ruin!
You can stop if you want to. There are
church members enough in this town to
turn out any day and vote liquor out of
it. You are afraid to do it. You will
let some barkeeper with an old, rusty
pistol cuss and rare around the pols and
scare you home. You don't want to
have a fuss. Well, I'll tell you every
good man dreads a fuss, but he don't
fear anything that walks on the earth.
God despises a coward. I had rather
die at the mouth of a cannon doing my
duty than to run away from it because I
was afraid. God intrusts all the noble
causes on this earth to men who are
game."

We endorse every word of that, and
enjoy the bucolic flavor of the expression.
—Independent.

Mr. S. P. Denison, of New York city,
has invented and brought into a condition
for practical usefulness an autographic
telegraph instrument by which it is possi-
ble to send fac-simile copies of messages
from place to place.

KING'S EVIL

Was the name formerly given to Scrofula
because of a superstition that it could be
cured by a king's touch. The world is
wiser now, and knows that

SCROFULA

can only be cured by a thorough purifica-
tion of the blood. If this is neglected,
the disease perpetuates its taint through
generation after generation. Among its
earlier symptomatic developments are
Eczema, Cutaneous Eruptions, Tumors,
Boils, Carbuncles, Erysipelas,
Parient Ulcers, Nervous and Phys-
ical Collapse, etc. If allowed to con-
tinue, Rheumatism, Scrofulous Car-
tarth, Kidney and Liver Diseases,
Tubercular Consumption, and vari-
ous other dangerous or fatal maladies, are
produced by it.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla

Is the only powerful and always reliable
blood-purifying medicine. It is so effec-
tual an alternative that it eradicates from
the system Hereditary Scrofula, and the
kindred poisons of contagious diseases
and mercury. At the same time it en-
riches and vitalizes the blood, restoring
healthful action to the vital organs and
rejuvenating the entire system. This great

Regenerative Medicine

Is composed of the genuine *Hondurus*
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lingia*, the *Jodides of Potassium* and
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tency, carefully and scientifically com-
pounded. Its formula is generally known
to the medical profession, and the best
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the blood. It is concentrated to the high-
est practicable degree, far beyond any
other preparation for which like effects
are claimed, and is therefore the cheapest,
as well as the best blood purifying medi-
cine, in the world.

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OR CHILLS and FEVER,
AND ALL MALARIAL DISEASES.

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justly claims for it a superiority over all
remedies ever offered to the public for the SAFE,
CERTAIN, SPEEDY and PERMANENT cure
of Ague and Fever, or Chills and Fever, whether
of short or long standing. He refers to the
entire Western and Southern country to bear
him testimony to the truth of the assertion
that in no case whatever will it fail to cure if
the directions are strictly followed and carried
out. In a great many cases a single dose has
been sufficient for a cure, and whole families
have been cured by a single bottle, with a per-
fect restoration of the general health. It is,
however, prudent, and in every case more cer-
tain to cure, if its use is continued in smaller
doses for a week or two after the disease has
been checked, more especially in difficult and
long-standing cases. Usually this medicine
will not require any aid to keep the bowels in
good order. Should the patient, however, re-
quire a cathartic medicine, after having taken
three or four doses of the Tonic, a single dose
of KENT'S VEGETABLE FAMILY PILLS
will be sufficient. Use no other.

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BULL'S SARSAPARILLA,
BULL'S WORM DESTROYER.

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Miscellany.

NEARER HOME.

A sweet, sweet thought invades my mind
This eve, as 'mid the fading light,
I feel the busy cares of day
Subside before the peace of night.
'Tis this: As sure as speeds the ship
Across the ocean's crested foam,
By just the journey of a day
I'm nearer home, I'm nearer home;
And further from all pain or care,
From every human fear or cross,
Much less to know of woe and tears,
Or taste the cup of earthly sorrow.
Thro' many ills I've struggled on,
And passed the way-side's dusty loam;
By just the journey of a day
I'm nearer home, I'm nearer home.

And, oh, the rapture that it brings
To know I'm near my waiting crown,
And closer to my Father's feet,
Where earth's burdens are laid down!
And now the night shade drifts athwart
The splendor of my sunset dome,
And by the journey of a day
I'm nearer home, I'm nearer home.
—Selected.

A SWARM OF B'S.

B patient, B loving, B gentle, B mild,
B cheerful, B thoughtful, B hopeful, dear
child;
B studious, B prompt, B willing to learn;
B attentive, B diligent, B earnest, B firm;
B happy, B kind, B cautious, B wary;
B temperate, B truthful, B honest all day;
B pleasant, B courteous, B ever polite;
B peaceable, B careful, B evermore right;
B grateful, B obliging, B careful of noise;
B industrious, B wide awake, B good, little
boys. S. C. B.

Did She Love Him?

A boy fell from one of the high beams
of a barn, and was carried to his mother
sadly crushed and broken. A skillful
surgeon was called. He came, looked the
boy over, and only gave him a soothing
dose.

"You are doing nothing to cure him,"
said the mother. "Why don't you set
his bones?"

"It would be useless, madam. Your
son has received fatal injury; we will not
add to his sufferings by useless treatment
of his fractures."

"Fatal!" cried the mother indignantly;
"to what purpose then is your skill? Set
every bone in his body."

"The surgeon obeyed. It was before the
use of anesthetics, and when many me-
chanical surgical appliances now in use
were unknown. The boy was tortured,
but the mother looked on, aided and abet-
ted in the torture, denied all her son's
pitiful pleadings, yet shed not a tear.
She nursed him with almost superhuman
patience and endurance, through months
of misery, during which he lay bound,
and often reproached her that she did not
let him die out of his pain. He did not
die, nor become a helpless cripple, but
recovered the full use of his entire body.
And that body held no common mind.

He was a genius, a well-known American
author, who lived seventy-eight years.
A thought awakened by these facts,
however, not the man's history, is our
subject.

We suffer, in our agony we wish we
were dead, or had never been born. We
cry to God for help, and think he hears
us not because our pain is not removed.

Again, we behold the suffering of those
we love better than ourselves, and our
heart's wail for their anguish is more
pitiful than for our own. We say,
"How can a God of love, a heavenly
Father, omnipotent, see it without
interposing; nay, more, order it, and deny
our pleadings?" Satan tempts us, "Can
there be a God of love?" and we are in
danger of saying in our hearts—like the
fool—"There is no God."

Is there a suggestion of help for all this
in the history of those broken bones and
that mother's relation to them? Has our
heavenly Father taken the desperate case
of our fallen, disjoined humanity in hand,
because he would have life, not death,
our portion? Can Omnipotence, even,
entertained? That mother could have in-
terposed to save her son from suffering, yet
did not. Did she love him? Answer,
every mother who has stood beside a son's
cross, with the word "through this own
soul also." Does God love though we
suffer, though we cry and he is silent?
Let his Word answer.

"God so loved the world that he gave
his only-begotten Son;" "The Lord is
not willing that any should perish;" "Like
as a father pitieth;" "As one whom his
mother comforteth, so will I comfort you;
and ye shall be comforted."

Ob, well is it for us, with our broken
bones, that we have a Father whose love,
tender as a mother's, is wiser for us than
are our doctors, or than we for ourselves!
—Christian Weekly.

Ascending Mt. Mitchell.

BY CHARLES DUDLEY WARNER.

From Wilson's to the peak of Mit-
chell it is seven and a half miles; we made
it in five and a half hours. A bridle
path was cut years ago, but it has been
entirely neglected. It is badly washed,
it is stony, muddy, and great trees have
fallen across it, which wholly block the
way for horses. At these places long
detours are necessary, on steep hillsides
and through gullies, over treacherous
sink-holes in the rocks, through quaggy
places, heaps of brush, and rotten logs.
Those who have ever attempted to get
horses over such ground will not wonder
at the slow progress we made. Before
we were half-way up the ascent, we
realized the folly of attempting it on
horseback; but then to go on seemed as
easy as to go back. The way also was
exceedingly steep in places, and what
with roots, and logs, and slippery rocks,
and stones, it was a desperate climb for
the horses.

What a magnificent forest! Oaks,
chestnuts, poplars, hemlocks, the cucum-
ber (a species of magnolia, with a pink-
ish, cucumber-like cone), and all sorts of
northern and southern growths meeting
here in splendid array. And this gigan-

tic forest, with little diminution in size of
trees, continued two-thirds of the way
up. We marked, as we went on, the
maple, the black walnut, the buckeye,
the hickory, the locust, and the guide
pointed out in one section the largest
cherry-trees we had ever seen; splendid
trunks, each worth a large sum if it
could be got to market. After the great
trees were left behind, we entered a gar-
den of white birches, and then a plateau
of swamp, thick with raspberry bushes,
and finally the ridges, densely crowded
with the funeral black balsam.

Half-way up, Big Tom showed us his
favorite, the biggest tree he knew. It
was a poplar, or tulip. It stands more
like a column than a tree, rising high
into the air, with scarcely a perceptible
taper, perhaps sixty, more like a hun-
dred, feet before it puts out a limb. Its
girth, six feet from the ground, is thirty-
two feet! I think it might be called
Big Tom. It stood here, of course, a
giant, when Columbus sailed from Spain,
and perhaps some sentimental traveler
will attach the name of Columbus to it.

In the woods there was not much sign
of animal life, scarcely the note of a bird,
but we noticed as we rode along in the
otherwise primeval silence, a loud and
continuous humming overhead, almost
like the sound of the wind in pine tops.
It was the humming of bees! The upper
branches were alive with these industrious
toilers, and Big Tom was always on the
alert to discover and mark a bee-gum,
which he could visit afterwards. Honey
hunting is one of his occupations. Col-
lecting spruce gum is another, and he
was continually hacking off, with his
batches, knobs of the translucent secretion.
How rich and fragrant are these
forests! The rhododendron was still in
occasional bloom, and flowers of brilliant
hue gleamed here and there.

The struggle was more severe as we
neared the summit, and the footing worse
for the horses. Occasionally it was safest
to dismount and lead them up slippery
ascents; but this was also dangerous, for
it was difficult to keep them from tread-
ing on our heels, in their frantic flounders,
in the steep, wet, narrow, brier-
grown path. At one uncommonly pok-
ish place, where the wet rock sloped into
a bog, the rider of Jack thought it pru-
dent to dismount, but Big Tom insisted
that Jack would "make it" all right,
only give him his head. The rider gave
him his head, and the next minute Jack's
four heels were in the air, and he came
down on his side in a flash. The rider
fortunately extricated his leg without los-
ing it, Jack scrambled out with a broken
shoe, and the two limped along. It was
a wonder that the horses' legs were not
broken a dozen times.

As we approached the top, Big Tom
pointed out the direction, a half-mile
away, of a small pond, a little mountain
tarn, overlooked by a ledge of rock,
where Professor Mitchell lost his life.
Big Tom was the guide who found his
body. That day as we sat on the sum-
mit he gave in great detail the story,
the general outline of which is well known.
—Atlantic.

Why He Was Honored.

The Norristown (Pa.) Herald prints
the following in connection with the re-
cent unveiling of the Lauer monument in
Reading, Pa.:

"There was a big demonstration in
Reading on Saturday, the occasion being
the unveiling of Frederick Lauer's monu-
ment. A stranger in the city, being
ignorant of the cause of the turnout, turned
to a citizen and said:

"Great man, I s'pose? Won fame in
the late war?"

"No," said the citizen, "he was not in
the army."

"Gave a million dollars to found a
home for orphans, perhaps?"

"No, this statue is not a tribute to
charity."

"Um," mused the stranger, gazing at
the bronze figure. "Saved human life
at the risk of his own, maybe?"

"No; this monument does not com-
memorate brave deeds."

"Well, perhaps you can tell me why
he is thus honored?"

"Oh! yes. He made lager-beer."

The Boston Traveler talks very plain-
ly about having good times again, and
tells us very plainly how to have them,
as follows: "If the working people of
this country want to know why they have
hard times every few years, we can tell
them. It is not overproduction nor under-
consumption, as these phrases are com-
monly employed. If they had kept the
\$300,000,000 they spend every year for
strong drink in their pockets for the past
five years of good times, the present tem-
porary lull in manufacturing and business
activity would find many of them able to
bear it without being pinched for the neces-
saries of life. It is not the over-consumption
of food and clothing in this land of liberty
and liquor. The annual bill for bread,
meat, cotton and woolen goods of this
great American people foots up to a
total of about \$1,250,000,000. But its
annual bill for whisky, beer, and taxes
thereon, is \$1,400,000,000. In other
words, it unnecessarily drinks \$140,000,-
000 worth more than it necessarily eats
and wears. And the people who commit
this folly every year are amazed that once
in a few years they are up, and some of
them want to hoist the communistic red
flag and destroy everybody else's property,
because they have wasted their own share
of the national substance in rye juice and
other riotous fluids.

South Carolina prohibits divorce abso-
lutely. It prohibits the sale of liquor in
the rural districts, allows it in incorporat-
ed towns with the privilege of local option,
of which about half the towns avail them-
selves. It forbids the running of all
freight trains and of all passenger trains
except such as carry mail on Sunday.
It classes dueling with murder, and disfranchises
the lottery-ticket dealer.

Gleanings.

Life should be a constant vision of
God's presence.—A. MacLaren.

Elevate the working class by keeping
your children in it.—Gladstone.

Knowledge unused for the good of
others is more vain than unused gold.—
Ruskin.

He who knows Christ is able to in-
struct even those who are mighty in the
Scriptures.—Wesley.

There are those whom we can help in
no other way, whom we can meet and
help in prayer.—J. F. Clarke.

One fire puts out another. Nothing
so effectually kills the fear of a man as
abundance of the fear of God.

If, when thou makest a bargain, thou
thinkest only of thyself and thy gain,
thou art a servant of Mammon.

"Christians often ask, 'What's the
harm in doing this or that?' When they
get the right spirit they inquire, 'What's
the use?'"

If thou art not born again, all thy out-
ward reformation is naught; thou hast
shut the door, but the thief is still in the
house.—Boston.

Feelings come and go like light troops
following the victory of the present; but
principles, like troops of the line, are un-
disturbed and stand fast.

Contentment lies within a man, in the
heart; and the way to be comfortable is
not by having our barrels filled, but our
minds quieted.—T. Watson.

If you want to be miserable, think
about yourself, about what you want,
what you like, what respect people ought
to pay you and what people think of you.
—Charles Kingsley.

As they who for every slight infirmity
take physic to repair their health do
impair it, so they who for every trifling
eager to vindicate their character do
rather weaken it.—Mason.

After the children are converted, the
teacher's work is not done. They must
be instructed in the religious life, guided
through the perils of inexperience, and
built up in Christian character.

Recently, in speaking on being "filled
with the Holy Ghost," Mr. Moody said:
"Call it 'higher life' or 'second blessing,'
just as you choose; but get it, for it is
the great need of the Church."

Let never a day pass over our heads
wherein we have not fetched a walk or
two in the gallery of our hearts with
Him, and there laid open ourselves be-
fore him, both concerning our miseries
and our sins.

It is not the extent of your knowledge,
though that is useful; it is not the ex-
tent of your talent, though that is not to
be despised; it is your zeal that shall do
exploits. This zeal is the fruit of the
Holy Spirit.

The soul that cannot entirely trust
God, whether man be pleased or displeased,
can never long be true to him; for
while you are eyeing man you are losing
God, and standing religion at the very
heart.—Manton.

Christ's final promise of his presence
with his people has for its one condition
that they be engaged in making disciples.
Then his unseen hand takes hold with
man's weak grasp, and they are fellow-
laborers with God.

Every man goes into the future world
with a character on his hands. He will
have it there on his hands, and must do
something with it. He ought to be
careful about what he is to take with him
inseparably into eternity.—Castle.

If I am building a mountain, and stop
before the last basketful of earth is
placed on the summit, I have failed of my
work. But if I have placed but one
basketful on the plain, and go on, I am
really building a mountain.—Confucius.

Do not let us lie at all. Do not think
of one falsity as harmless, and another
as slight, and another as unintentional.
Cast them all aside; they may be light
and accidental, but they are ugly spots
from the smoke of the pit, for all that.—
Ruskin.

Annihilate not the mercies of God by
the oblivion of ingratitude; for oblivion
is a kind of annihilation; and for things
to be as though they had not been, is
like unto never being. Make not thy
head a grave, but a repository of God's
mercies.

There is seldom a line of glory written
upon earth's face, but a line of suffering
runs parallel with it, and they who read
the lustrous syllables of the one, and
stop not to decipher the worn inscription
of the other, get the lesser half of the les-
son earth has to give.

There is nothing "liberal" and "sens-
ible" in Satan's methods. He does not
leave your children "to choose." He
drags them into his service, and then
snaps his fingers at shortsighted parents,
who weakly wonder "why my children
go wrong."—N. W. Advocate.

It has been remarked that in the first
days of Christianity one man preached a
sermon and three thousand were convert-
ed, but now it takes about three thou-
sand sermons to convert one man. This
is no doubt an exaggeration, but it is an
observation in the direction of the truth.
How are we to account for this great
change in the results of preaching the
gospel? In that day "they were all to-
gether, with one accord in one place";
they were all waiting upon and before
the Lord for his promised blessing; they
were all filled with the Holy Ghost, both
preacher and brethren and sisters. Then
it was that when the Word was preached
it was with power. Now, alas, it is dif-
ficult to get even a few of the multitudes
of disciples together in one place, with
one accord, to wait upon the Lord for an
endowment of power from on high. The
result is that the Word is preached with-
out power, and it is as water spilled on
the ground which is not gathered up
again.—Words and Weapons.

Hasty Words.

Half the actual trouble of life would
be saved if people would remember that
silence is golden—when they are irritated,
vexed or annoyed. To feel provoked or
exasperated at a trifling, when the nerves
are exhausted, is, perhaps, natural to us
in our imperfectly sanctified state. But
why put the annoyance into the shape of
speech which, once uttered, is remember-
ed; which may burn like a blistering
wound, or rankle like a poisoned arrow?
If a child be trying, or a friend capricious,
or a servant unreasonable, be careful
what you say. Do not speak while you
feel the impulse of anger, for you will be
almost certain to say too much, to say
more than your cooler judgment will ap-
prove, and to speak in a way that you
will regret. Be silent until the "sweet
by-and-by," when you shall be calm,
reposed and self-controlled.

Above all, never write a letter when
you are in a mood of irritation. There is
an anger which is justifiable; there are
resentments which are righteous. It is
sometimes a duty to express indignation.
But if you consider the matter, the occa-
sions for putting such feelings on record
are comparatively few. They come once
in a lifetime, perhaps, and to many fortu-
nate beings they never come at all. Upon
the whole, people—our friends and
neighbors, and the community of which
we form a part—are trying to do the best
they can; and in hours of good temper
and health life wears a bright and sunny
aspect.

Much of the friction which makes the
machinery of living move rough and dis-
cordant is caused by things too petty to
be noticed if we were in our normal con-
dition. The hasty word spoken in petu-
lance may be explained, forgiven and
forgotten. But the letter written in an
ebullition of wounded feeling is a fact
tangible, not to be condoned. There it
lies, with a certain permanence about it.
You have sent it to a friend, who, read-
ing it half a dozen times, will each time
find it more cruel and incisive than be-
fore. Letters once written and sent away
cannot be recalled. You cannot be sure
that your friend (or enemy) will burn
them. Hidden in bureau drawers or in
portfolios, locked in boxes, they will, it may
be, flash up again in sudden feud and
fire, months after you have ceased to
think of the folly which incited them, or
the other folly which penned them. Never
write an angry letter when you are
angry.

All heated feeling seeks the superlative
as an outlet, and superlatives are apt to
be dangerous. So long as we cling to
the positive in speech, we are pretty safe.
We all need to be cautioned against
undue haste in speech, but mothers most
of all. It is so easy to misunderstand a
child; so easy to grieve a little person
who is forbidden to answer back; so easy
to leave a picture of yourself in the plas-
tic memory, which will be photographed
there for the remainder of life, and of
which you would in coming days be
ashamed.—Mastery.

Haydn was a man who made the most
of his gifts. He was never satisfied, and
always strove to reach a higher ideal.
He once said: "I have only just learned
in my old age to use the wind instru-
ments, and now that I do understand them
I must leave the world." He com-
posed so much that one would think he
wrote quickly, but such was not the case.
When an idea occurred to him, he would
note it in a little book that he always
carried with him, and afterward he would
work it over with the greatest care. He
felt his genius was a gift from God which
he must use for the good of others.
"God has given me talent," he said,
"and I thank him for it. I think I have
done my duty, and have been of use in
my generation." Haydn did so much
for musical composition, especially the
symphony, and was so genial and kind
to his fellow-musicians, and so fond of
children, that in his later years he was
always called "Papa Haydn." The
name is still frequently used in referring
to him.—Agatha Tunis, in St. Nicholas.

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SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

News Items.

DOMESTIC.

The public schools at Los Angeles opened September 21st with 2,880 pupils.

It is proposed to raise \$225,000 in the United States to pay Irish members of Parliament.

Since March 1st last, 3,365,000 hogs have been packed in the Western establishments.

Mr. Bessemer's steel process patents have yielded him \$600,000 a year for 21 years.

The newspapers and their outlets in the United States are valued at upwards of \$98,500,000.

The San Diego Union says that an Italian, fishing alone, has caught 3,200 fish during the past month.

Coos Bay furnishes nearly all the wood from which the whole Pacific coast is supplied with matches.

It is reported that E. J. Dawne, recently appointed United States Judge for Alaska, will soon be removed.

The Prescott Journal Miner says: "The only thing lacking to make our water works a complete success is a little water."

The steamers *Svalara* and *Yankee*, with \$10,400,000 on board, are due at Washington, but their whereabouts are unknown.

The Presbytery of San Francisco has now upon its rolls two Chinese, one Japanese, one Welsh, one Spanish, and one French church.

The Los Angeles City Council have passed a high liquor license ordinance; they will also tax circuses \$1,000 a day.

The Republicans of New York nominated Ira Davenport for Governor. The Democrats of New York will probably nominate Hill for Governor on the first ballot.

There are about 400,000 persons engaged in the instruction of 10,000,000 of the children and youth of the United States. The teachers outnumber the other learned professions united about two to one.

Crocodile farming is rapidly becoming a leading industry in certain localities. The largest animals are killed and skinned, their flesh being used to feed their descendants. One dealer last year supplied a St. Louis tanner with 5,000 skins.

Of the 102 deaths recorded at the Health Office in this city during the week ending the 25th of September, 69 were males, 33 females. Caucasians, 94; Mongolians, 6; unascertained, 6. Natives of the Pacific coast 31; other States, 22; in foreign countries, 43.

There are 650 butter and cream factories in Iowa, 497 in Illinois, 130 in Wisconsin, 100 in Kansas, 100 in Minnesota, 61 in Missouri, 50 in Indiana, and 40 in Nebraska—a total of 1,788 in eight States. The value of the dairy products of Iowa alone in 1884 was \$50,000,000 and that of the United States was \$500,000,000.

FOREIGN.

There are 870 Protestant pastors in France now as compared with 150 in 1809.

Lunatics in Great Britain number 79,704, an increase on the preceding year of 1,176.

The latest reckoning gives 101 Old Catholic parishes in Germany, with a total of about 53,000 souls.

There are 5,000,000 land-owners in France, their farms averaging about 10 acres each. Outside the vineyards the best land is worth about \$400 an acre.

The British and Foreign Bible Society determined last year to issue an edition of the New Testament at two cents a copy. In nine months 950,000 copies were sold.

Y. M. C. A.

The monthly business meeting and reception to new members for the month of September was held in the Association parlors on Thursday evening of last week. A large number of young men were present, and Mr. John W. Roberts presided. Reports were presented from the various working committees of the Association for the past three months. The report of the Committee on Visitation of the Sick showed that they had made thirty-four calls upon sick young men, and the Employment Department reported having secured positions for seventy-seven worthy applicants. Mr. James G. Chown, Chairman of the Devotional Committee, read an excellent paper on "What Have We Accomplished During the Summer Months?" giving a summary of the work done, which showed that the work of the Association had not been idle during the season. Delegates were elected to the Convention to be held in Napa City October 22d to 25th. Rev. Dr. Pendleton delivered the second address in the series which he is giving in the Young Men's Institution, Sabbath afternoon. A large number of young men were present, and the Doctor made a most touching appeal to them upon the subject of the "Great Gathering and the Ungathered!" (Luke xiii: 34.) Seven young men requested prayers at the after-meeting. Dr. Pendleton also conducted the noon-day services during the week, and a large interest was manifested. Mr. J. K. Studd, a personal friend of Mr. Moody, and who was engaged with him in his London work, will speak to the young men on next Sabbath afternoon, telling of the good work which has been done in the great universities of England. Mr. Studd was captain of the Cambridge Cricketers.

Sunday-school Lesson for Oct. 11th. II Kings vii: 1-17.

THE FAMINE IN SAMARIA.

BY REV. WALTER FREAR.

In Ahab's time there had been a famine over all the land, because God withheld the rains of heaven. This was a famine in the city of Samaria, caused by the besieging army of the Syrians. Benhadad, with all his forces, had besieged the city until an ass's head sold for fifty dollars, and less than three pints of coarsest pulse for more than three dollars. The distress had come to such a pass that a mother had eaten her own child. In this extremity Jehoram, the king, desperately resolved to murder Elisha and surrender the city. Elisha had no agency in the famine, but the king regarded God as his enemy, and Elisha was the man of God. With this murderous purpose the king had now come, and was standing before the prophet, and had said that it was of no use to wait any longer on God for deliverance. The answer with which our lesson opens is characteristic of Elisha. He generally appears in affairs at that point where God would have it known that there is salvation with him. Elisha generally met the sin, Elisha the distress. Elisha was the prophet of conflict, Elisha of relief. Elisha forsook the calamity; Elisha came after. In this last extremity of starvation, when judgment had wrought all the king and people could endure, Elisha brings a divine word that God could save as well as destroy. We have:

1. A gracious answer to desperate wrath. (a) The promise of plenty. It was a most improbable one. The possibility of its fulfillment seemed out of the question. The great army held the city in its deadly grip. In every home last morsels of food had been eaten. Mothers were looking with hungry eyes on their babes. But where now there was nothing to eat, even so soon as to-morrow plenty should reign. Where now a little measure of cheapest food could scarcely be had for many dollars, large measures of choicest flour should be had for a few cents. It should be seen that the true God could fill the mouth with good things as well as pinch the lips with hunger. (b) The unbelief. The wicked are often more astonished at the promise of blessing than at the threat of judgment. Jehoram was not so bad a man as Ahab, but he did not have so good an advisor. This favorite captain of the king was not an Obadiah. He thought that God could not open windows enough in heaven to make this promise good. If he thought at all of the corn from heaven, the manna, it belonged to a past age. And the food miracles of Elisha and Elisha had wrought in him no faith. (c) The unbelief rebuked. He should see the plenty, but not partake of it. To reject mercy is a worse thing than to resist judgment. The unbelief that discredits saving grace meets even a sharper rebuke than grosser forms of sin. The gospel's great condemnation is that men receive not the offered salvation. Not to believe in Christ seals the soul's doom as effectually as the unbelief of this captain sealed his.

2. The incredible answer fulfilled. God brought it about in a strange way, but he did not have to open windows in heaven to do it. He effected it by means which would never have been thought of by unbelieving captain, or desperate king, or perishing people, and yet by means most simple and natural. (a) Four lepers had a hand in it. They were too vile to be touched by friend or foe, and now in the general distress they could be either in the city or out of it, for no one cared for them. And yet, but for them, the starvation would have gone on. "God hath chosen the weak things of this world to confound the things which are mighty; and base things of this world, and things which are despised, hath God chosen; yea, and things which are not to bring to naught things that are." The most insignificant may fill an important place in God's purpose and in the general ministry of good. Despise no one. Had not these persons been lepers they would not have been in a position—outside the gate—to do this great service. It was through their own need that God sent them on his errand. Their hunger made them willing to take the chance of life with the enemy. They had rotten bodies, but they had sound sense. They reasoned well (verse 4). So Elisha reasoned when he said, "If I perish I perish." This taking a last chance is often but the entering the opening that God makes for us out of our trouble. Christ is every sinner's last chance. (b) God used the power of panic to fulfill the promise. He made the host of the Syrians to hear a noise. There seemed to be a marshaling of a mighty army of cavalry and infantry against them. A din of battle fell on their ears. It was like a mirage of sound instead of sight, and very real to their sense of hearing. It may have been their imagination. It may have been some rumbling sound of earth or sky. The excited mind easily magnifies slightest things of sight or sound into things great and terrible. A slight noise or stealthy appearance has often sent the steady and tired ox teams of the plains on a wild stampede. A financial panic, starting from small cause, sometimes runs with a wild confusion through the wide extended ranks of shrewd and sharp business men. Such panics sometimes seize even well-disciplined armies, as at Bull Run. Such panic struck these Syrians, and swept through their ranks like a cyclone. They inferred that all the Canaanite and Egyptian kings had come to the help of Samaria, and a tremor of fear came over them. As far as to the Jordan a desolating confusion marked their reckless flight for life. God used this power of panic to accomplish his word. Enough was left in the deserted camp, gold and silver and garments and provisions and horses, to fill Samaria with plenty and enrich its people. (c) A further use is made of the

lepers. They had reasoned well; now they also act well. They had shown sense; now they show humanity, though not of the most unselfish sort. At first the selfish impulse was strong. After eagerly devouring good things in abundance, they began to carry away and hide what riches they found. But better thoughts came. They rightly felt that such selfishness was sin, and would somehow receive sin's punishment. They resolved to do the right thing. God had led them to the camp through their need; now he leads them back to the city on this glad errand, through their higher and better nature. He uses their conscience as he before used their hunger. Who will go and lead starving souls that gospel plenty is nearer to them than this abundance of food was to starving Samaria? 3. The fulfillment discredited. The news was too good to be true. The promise had in a measure been accepted; at least, so far as to stay for the time the king's murderous purpose to take off Elisha's head. But it was not believed, and its fulfillment, when announced, was discredited. Neither king nor people were ready for the blessing when it came. To their faith so great a boon was still among the impossibilities. This is seen: (a) In the suspicions of the king. He was altogether too smart. He could see through the trick. The Syrians couldn't play him. His very needs and distress made him suspicious. Even his sore extremity gave him an argument for his unbelief. His want turned him away from hope. There is something more pathetic than shrewd in his remark, "The Syrians know that we be hungry." He thought the camp left empty was but a ruse to betray them into a fatal venture. We would think that he would have been ready to welcome any indication of the fulfillment of that promise of God. He might well have been timid but for the promise. And so might any sinner be. The good news of salvation should be welcomed without suspicion because of the promise. In the greatness of our needs we often discredit the present fulfillment of the Word. We fear that the blessing is not for us now. (b) In the cautious procedure. The king, in his smart suspicions, was indisposed to do anything, but some of his servants would at least go so far as to test the matter. It wouldn't cost much, any way. A few persons may fall into the hands of the Syrians. We are all consumed as things are. The five remaining horses as yet unstarved or uneaten may be lost. It is worth while to send and see if the good news is true. Let us venture a little. And so the five sickly horses and two chariots were sent on the doubtful risk. Even the king summoned courage enough to say, "Go and see." And so, cautious advance was made even to Jordan, every step of the way strewn with the debris of the panic. For long weary hours king and all the people stayed hungry and starving because of their unbelief. Cautious souls sometimes spend years in unsatisfied hunger of spirit because of unbelief that is far more senseless than Jeroboam's.

Washington Letter.

WASHINGTON, D. C.,

Sept. 21, 1885.

The appearance of the Capitol and of some other public buildings has been greatly improved since the adjournment of Congress. The marble fronts have been cleaned, and are now as pure and white as when first put in place. Public and private enterprises have vied in progress, and the capital city has made a decided stride during the summer in the improvement of streets, parks, private residences and public buildings. There seems to be a general business revival in the city. Not yet every business man feels it, but a majority of them do. There is unprecedented activity in real estate, a sure sign of the city's rapid growth. Many of the dealers in dry goods report sales during the first half of the month of September, largely surpassing the business done during the same time last year. A great many local enterprises are prospering, and more men are making money in Washington this fall than ever before.

Many wealthy people will remain from the city during this month, on account of the stories that malaria is usually prevalent at this season. A good many, however, are on their way home now, and have notified those in charge of their luxurious homes to put them in order. There are signs of life in the West End, on Connecticut and Vermont avenues, and on K street.

Secretary Manning has vacated his apartments at the Arlington, and has taken possession of the Bigelow House on Eighteenth street, a roomy, substantial structure, where he will entertain his friends this winter. Mrs. Manning and her daughter are not expected home from Watch Hill before the first of October. The Bigelow House was leased furnished to Mr. Manning for three years, commencing the 15th inst.

Secretary Whitney is devoting all his spare time to beautifying and otherwise improving his country-seat near Tunlaw, above Georgetown. It is his intention to spend the fall there with his family upon their return to New York.

Mrs. Senator Logan is temporarily stopping with Mrs. Allen while the mansion on Columbia Heights is being put in order for occupancy. An army of upholsterers and house-furnishers are putting on the finishing touches, and it is said that when completed the interior of the Logan mansion will be one of the most attractive in the city.

Ex-Senator Chaffee's straightforward talk about General Grant's real desires in regard to his place of burial has stirred up New Yorkers a good deal. Mr. Chaffee takes no stock in the story that General Grant ever wrote to his son Fred that he preferred to be buried in New York because that city had "benefited him in the time of his need." Mr. Chaffee, whose information is valuable be-

cause of his intimacy with General Grant, and whose only daughter is a wife of one of General Grant's sons, believes that General Grant's remains will be brought to this city, and is strongly in favor of it. He thinks a million dollars could be raised in thirty days, and guarantees that Colorado will give more than New York city.

The President has accomplished a good deal of work during the past week, and has not been so overrun with visitors as to be tired out by them. The levees in the east room have been large, and seem to be growing larger each week. The President has been almost entirely alone several days, owing to the absence of Colonel Lamont, who has now returned.

I have heard two compliments for the President this week—one from Senator Sabin of Minnesota, who said that Mr. Cleveland was honestly and earnestly endeavoring to give the country a good administration, and deserved the encouragement of Republicans; and the other from Congressman Lawler of Chicago, who has been filling the lobby of Willard's Hotel with sulphurous complaints. Lawler grumbles because the Federal offices in this city have been given to reputable men—"to those who ride in carriages and have incomes, while the heeled and strikers of the Democracy are walking the streets looking for a job." "To get an office from this Administration," continued Mr. Lawler, "a man must wear silk stockings and a plug hat."

The annual meeting of the General Association of Congregational and Presbyterian Churches of New Hampshire was held in Nashua September 15th, 16th and 17th. The report of the Statistical Secretary shows the total membership of the churches to be 46 less than last year. "Sixty more than last year are enrolled in our Sunday-schools, but our benevolent contributions have fallen off upwards of \$1,300, doubtless caused in part by the business depression." One church reported the adoption of the new creed. Ten churches report no liquor sold within the limits of their towns. The Woman's Christian Temperance Union is becoming a more powerful agent of instruction and warning. Five have been ordained as pastors and ten have been installed. Seventeen pastors have been dismissed.

An officer of the United States Signal Service says that cyclones are ocean storms moving landward, while tornadoes are land storms, although they sometimes pass out a considerable distance to sea.

Publishers' Department

Entered at the Postoffice at San Francisco as second-class matter.

Payment for THE PACIFIC, when sent by mail, should be made in Money orders, Bank Checks, or Drafts. When neither of these can be procured, send the money in a registered letter to THE PACIFIC. All postmasters are required to register letters whenever requested to do so.

THE PACIFIC will be sent free for one year to any person sending the names of three new subscribers, with the money.

Any old subscriber sending the name of one new subscriber, with \$2.50, can have his own paper another year for \$1.75.

The date against your name on the label of your paper shows to what time your subscription is paid.

The subscription Price of THE PACIFIC is \$2.50 in advance—which includes the payment of the postage by us.

The courts have decided that all subscribers to newspapers are held responsible until arrears are paid and their papers are ordered to be discontinued.

THE PACIFIC CLUBBING LIST.

We will send the PACIFIC one year (price \$2.50 a year) to any new subscriber, or to any old subscriber renewing in advance, with any of the following publications, for the price named in the second column. The price in the first column is that of the publication named alone. Each column includes prepaid postage. After the receipt of the first copy of any publication, complaints, if necessary, should be sent to the office where it is printed.

American Agriculturist	\$1.50	\$3.50
Christian at Work	3.00	5.00
Democrat's Monthly Magazine	2.00	4.00
Godey's Lady's Book	2.00	4.00
Harper's Weekly	4.00	5.75
Home Magazine	4.00	5.50
Home	4.00	5.50
Scientific American	3.20	5.00
The Century Magazine	4.00	6.00
St. Nicholas	3.00	5.00
Wide Awake	2.50	4.50
The Independent	5.00	6.00
North American Review	5.00	6.35
Congregationalist	3.00	5.10
Littell's Living Age	8.00	9.50
Illustrated Christian Weekly	2.50	5.00

"BEAUTIFUL CRAFTON."

This celebrated health retreat is near the base of San Bernardino mountain, 2,300 feet above sea level, an altitude most desirable for invalids. Terms are reasonable, table good; always plenty of milk and cream. Address M. H. Crafts, Laguna P. O., Cal.

EDITORS PACIFIC: We will keep our advertisement running another month if one person sends an order during the month, and mentions your paper.

SMITH'S CASH STORE, 115 Clay street. [Will our readers take notice, and help themselves and us?]

Perkins & Wilson, whose dry goods store advertisement is in another column, are our sort of people. We recommend our friends to trade with them, as we have long done with great satisfaction.

One is in doubt which to admire most, the beauty of the article or the skill of the workman which produces such beautiful specimens of the cabinet-maker's art as can be seen at the warehouses of the California Furniture Company, 220 to 226 Bush street. They have also a fine line of very cheap goods.

We recommend the house Carroll & Tilton, 873 Market street, whose advertisement see in another column, to our friends for clothing, etc. We have bought of them with entire satisfaction. Their prices are very reasonable.

Rooms.—Persons desiring to rent desirable rooms in the best parts of San Francisco by the day, week or month, with or without board, at low rates, please call at office, or send to, THE PACIFIC.

In the October number of the *Atlantic Monthly* Mr. Warner continues his travels in the papers called "On Horseback," and incidentally describes the town of Asheville, N. C., a place known as a health resort; and Horace E. Scudder has a second scholarly essay on "Childhood in English Literature and Art." There is an entertaining and original paper, "The First Abbe Galant," narrating the life of a certain agreeable ecclesiastic of the seventh century. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston.

Ayer's Hair Vigor promotes the growth and improves the beauty of the hair. It imparts an attractive appearance, a delightful and lasting perfume. While it stimulates the roots, cleanses the scalp and adds elegance to luxuriance, its ingredients are harmless and its effects are enduring; and thus it proves itself to be at once the best and cheapest article for toilet use.

Although the California Furniture Company keeps a vast assortment of furniture, including all grades, they also have a magnificent line of upholstery goods of the most beautiful designs, and also the finest of fine ottomans, blankets, etc. Their immense establishment is situated at 220 to 226 Bush street.

"Where shall I buy a good hat?" "At Herrmann's, 336 Kearny street," is our ready reply. We wear his hats, and so do very many of our friends, and are satisfied. He has recently doubled the size of his store, which shows deserved prosperity.

PRICES CURRENT.

SILVER—Bar Silver, per ounce, 1,000 fine, \$1.03; Sterling bills on London, 60 days \$4.84 to 4.86.

COMMERCIAL.

Flour—Best brands of City Extra, \$4.25 to 5.00; Superfine, \$3.00 to 4.00. WHEAT—\$1.35 to 1.50 per cbl. BARLEY—Feed, \$1.32 1/2 to 1.37 1/2. OATS—\$1.10 to 1.35. FEED—Bran, \$16.50 @ 17.50; ground-barley, \$29.00 to 30.00; middlings, \$22.00 to \$23.00.

FRUIT—30c to 75c per cwt. Apples—Lemons, \$1.50 to 3.50 per box for California; Bananas, 1.00 to 1.50 per bunch; Apples, 20c to 75c per box; Oranges, California \$2.00 to 3.50 per box; Strawberries, \$2.00 to 4.00 per chest; Peaches, \$1 to 1.25 per box; Figs, 50c to 75c per box; Grapes, 50c to 1.00 per box.

VEGETABLES—Cabbage, 75c per cbl.; Marrowfat Squash, \$5.00 to 7 per ton; Green Peas, 1 to 3c per lb.; Tomatoes, 15c to 25c per box. HAY—\$9.00 to 13.00 for all grades. Straw, 70 to 72 1/2c per bale.

BUTTER—Choice, Cal. 35c to 37 1/2c. CHEESE—Cal. 8 to 19c choice. EGGS—27 1/2 to 37 1/2c per doz for Cal. BEEF—6 1/2 to 7 first quality; 4 1/2 to 5c for third.

LAMB—5 to 6 1/2c per lb. MUTTON—Wethers, 4 to 4 1/2c; Ewes, 3 1/2 to 4. PORK—Live hogs, 2 1/2 to 3 1/2c for hard grain hogs on foot; dressed do, 5 to 5 1/2c for city.

HIDES AND SKINS—Sheep skins—Sheerings, 10 to 25c; Short Wool, 35 to 60c; Medium, 60 to 75c; Long Wool, 90c.

TEST YOUR BAKING POWDER TO-DAY!

Brands advertised as absolutely pure CONTAIN AMMONIA.

THE TEST: Place a can top down on a hot stove until heated, then remove the cover and smell. A chemist will not be required to detect the presence of ammonia.



DOES NOT CONTAIN AMMONIA. ITS HEALTHFULNESS HAS NEVER BEEN QUESTIONED. In a million homes for a quarter of a century it has stood the consumer's reliable test.

THE TEST OF THE OVEN.

PRICE BAKING POWDER CO.,

Dr. Price's Special Flavoring Extracts, The strongest, most delicious and natural flavor known, and Dr. Price's Lupulin Yeast Gems

For Light, Healthy Bread, The Best Dry Hop Yeast in the World.

FOR SALE BY GROCERS, CHICAGO, ST. LOUIS.

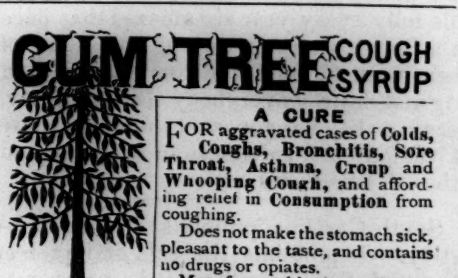
FOR SALE BY John F. Cutting & Co., Agents SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.



Purest and strongest Natural Fruit Flavors, Vanilla, Lemon, Orange, Almond, Rose, etc., favor as delicately and naturally as the fruit.

PRICE BAKING POWDER CO., CHICAGO, ST. LOUIS.

FOR SALE BY John F. Cutting & Co., Agents SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.



FOR AGGRAVATED CASES OF Colds, Coughs, Bronchitis, Sore Throat, Asthma, Croup and Whooping Cough, and affording relief in Consumption from coughing.

Does not make the stomach sick, pleasant to the taste, and contains no drugs or opiates. Manufactured in Australia and in San Francisco, California, from the leaves of a peculiar variety of Eucalyptus or Gum Tree.

Prescribed by many physicians in cases of Chronic Bronchitis. Guaranteed superior to any drug Cough Syrup or Consumption cures that are now offered to the public. A bottle will be sent to any address in the United States and ex-charge paid, on receipt of One Dollar.

Wm. GRACE CART, Manufacturer, 1814 Sacramento Street, San Francisco, Cal. For sale by all Druggists and Country Stores on Pacific Coast of the United States, for 75 cents per bottle.

FUNNY, "VERY."

"I SEE YOU ARE ON THE WATCH," AS the thief said to the guard chain. So always is the great IXL for low-price goods. Corner Kearny and Commercial streets.

250 Blue Flannel Suits	80 00
75 Good Business Suits	7 50
100 Fancy Cassimere Suits	8 00
60 Cheviot Sack Suits	9 50
300 Fancy Braid Suits	10 00
250 Cutaway Frock Suits	10 00
350 Cassimere Sack Suits	10 00
225 Cheviot Sack Suits	10 50
125 Cutaway Sack Suits	12 00
500 Cutaway Frock Suits	13 00
165 Scotch Tweed Suits	14 00
200 Diagonal Mixed Suits	14 50
300 Imported Worsteds Suits	15 00
75 English Melton Suits	15 00
245 Imported Beaver Suits	16 00
325 Diagonal Sack Suits	17 00
225 Imported Cassimere Suits	18 00
350 Corkscrew Frock Suits	18 50
230 Blue Pique Frock Suits	20 00
125 Diagonal Frock Suits	21 00

OVERCOATS.

100 Cassimere Overcoats	55 50
175 Cheviot Ulsters	6 00
500 Reversible Ulsters	7 00
250 Silk-faced Overcoats	8 00
300 Dark, Mixed Overcoats	9 00
400 Tweed Ulsters	10 00
120 Chinchilla Overcoats	10 00
220 Corkscrew Overcoats	12 50
135 English Melton Overcoats	14 00
275 Imported Chinchilla Overcoats	15 00

It is a conundrum to the business men of this city how the Great IXL (606 to 620 Kearny street) can afford to sell goods almost twice as cheap as any other business house in San Francisco. It is because the Great IXL does ten times the business of any other house, and consequently is satisfied with a very little profit on each article sold.

Perkins & Wilson, 1114 MARKET ST.

Cheapest place in the city to buy your FANCY DRY GOODS!

.....AND..... Gents' Furnishing Goods

No Misrepresentations. BEST GOODS, LOWEST PRICES, COURTEOUS TREATMENT.

Remember the place. 1114 Market St., San Francisco.

Best. Mason and Taylor, under the Trussell.